

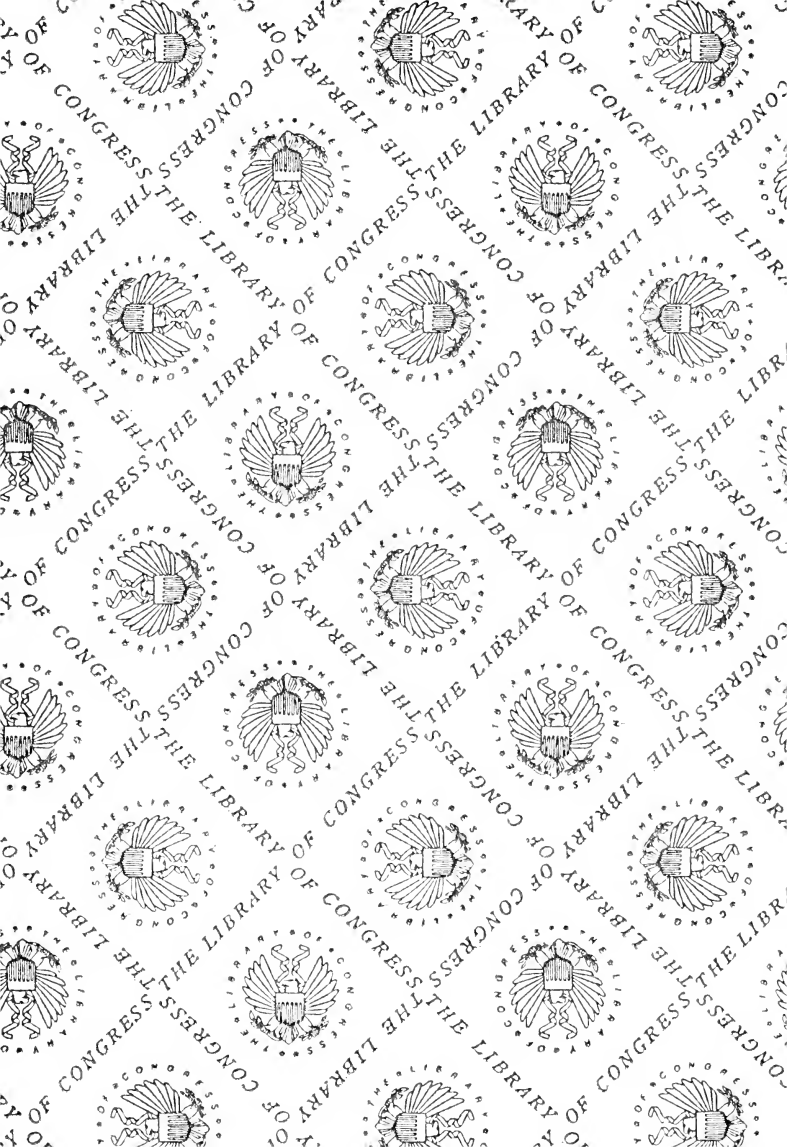
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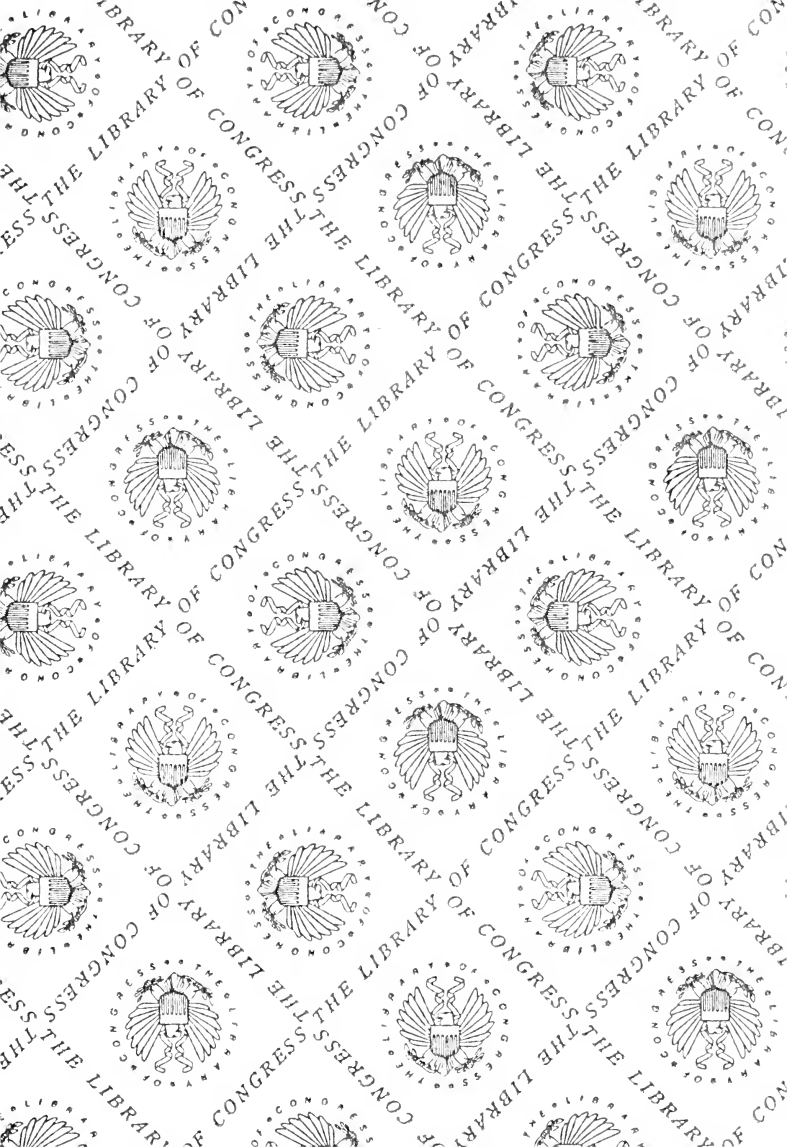
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# THE EAGLEID.

AN EPIC POEM;

OR,

The causes which led to the War of 1812  
between the United States and Great  
Britain with the principal events  
thereof rhythmically related.

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BY WILLIAM H. BRYAN.

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ST. LOUIS:  
NIXON-JONES PTG. CO.  
1897.

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# THE EAGLEID.

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## BOOK I.

### THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse invoked — Cautioned to be candid — Allusion to New England apathy — To Southern inefficiency — To causes which determined location of capitol — Stiffness of John Bull — Sympathy of France — Change in French Government — The Orders in Council, Berlin and Milan Decrees, and wranglings between Britain and Buonaparte — Non-importation, non-intercourse, and embargo — Effects of the embargo — Its constitutionality tested in the courts — The result — Mr. Erskine's earnestness — Superseded by Mr. Jackson — Unique methods of both Canning and Buonaparte in evincing regard for the Republic — Affair of the President and Little Belt — Leopard and Chesapeake — Wrangling between British Ministers and American Orators — Musings of Mr. Madison in the White House.

Sing, O Muse, with lyre and plectrum in hand,  
Of arms and men in new discovered land:  
Tell after Troy, or ancient Ilium,  
And the coming thence to far Latium,  
Of prowess in race nursed by Liberty  
Worthy of Priam's sons or the Atridae.

And tho' this a song of bloodiest note,  
And deeds of Mars full high, yet Muse devote  
Here and there to observations civic  
A line, mixed with reflections philosophic,  
And if the Muse invoked aid shall require  
Then, O ye virgins of the tuneful choir —  
Thy classic name Heliconiades —  
Consult not on the Sacred Mount thy ease:  
But be ready, and some one, if she halt  
On doubtful syllable, or be at fault  
In rhythmic exertion on line or verse  
Come quickly down; or her disaster worse —  
On essential beat striking amiss,  
As if the ictus hit not square the arsis,  
Or disconcerted quite, she slips thereon,  
O, then descend in haste all Helicon:  
And let the whole move on by might of Nine:  
Watchful ye of the caesura masculine.

Yes, from fresh pages in thy storied scroll,  
Tell, truthful Muse, as these thou dost unroll,  
How the original thirteen colonies —  
Harassed and wronged by three old Georges —  
Forming themselves into a real Nation,  
With five new States — theirs by aggregation,  
Waged a second war for independence,



And the sword bought right of self-existence :  
Which strained the new born Nation's credit  
And strained the bonds which held States to it ;  
But thro' which it came with new strength and  
    hope,  
And courage renewed with kings to cope.  
Tell too, O Muse, thou knowest, with what spleen  
Royalty saw one rise from the thirteen ;  
And how that as Agamemnon Iphigenia,  
John Bull calculated Columbia,  
Had not the god of war, by intervention,  
Baffled him, and balked his dire intention :  
Sending him home — new aggressions to plan  
And various plots against his fellowman.  
Tell too, O Muse, with scrinium by side,  
How sons of Columbia, thus threaten'd, died  
On land and sea to avenge the intent,  
And how brave souls for this to Hades went.  
And ships of Albion hauled down their flags,  
Broad-sided by these sons, their sails in rags ;  
And sinking how their sailors gladly sought  
Salvation from the deep on those they fought —  
Not unwelcome oft such transfer of sail,  
And escape from British cat o' nine tail.  
    And mince not, Muse, but low let the lyre

Sound here, and with lessen'd native fire,  
Tell of discord, and candidly relate  
Achilles like conduct, and how that State  
Egoism did greatly the war delay  
Till Patroclus slain — or plain truth to say :  
Till the foe in full armor, late coming,  
Pierced the groin of the section sulking ;  
That nearest the North Pole, and near whose ports  
Cods are caught and cured, and where the sports  
Of the common people are by statute defined,  
And the higher classes cultivate the mind.

Tell too, with like candor, how farther south  
Men showed more valor in the use of mouth  
Than in wielding weapons ; and how they let  
The enemy, advancing, in short time get  
Into the Nation's capitol — the heart,  
Or, of the complex system the vital part :  
There such destruction plan, and such havoc —  
Continental Europe, and Asia to shock.  
When shocked themselves they rallied, and blows  
did deal

Worthy of Revolutionary fire and zeal, —  
Not such deeds by Teucer, or Tydeus' son,  
Oilean Ajax, or Ajax Telamon,  
As then by these sons of America —

Whose homes south and west of Columbia—  
That is, the ceded district — ten miles square,  
The gift of two adjacent States, and where  
Had been fixed firmly the government seat —  
(In which transaction Southern sons got beat,  
And got hooked into paying a great debt,  
Owed in the North, out of which they could not get  
Tho' at the time in a *quasi*, semi-trance —  
Followed too by a system of finance,  
Which they did not want, and bank adjunct  
More odious to these sons than the defunct  
Confederated League rag machine,  
For in such institution clearly seen  
The germs of a Federal growth, which by and by  
Would subvert State importance completely.  
All this conceded for the immense boon  
Of a capitol close by — while in a swoon,  
Or while the high priest Thomas Jefferson  
Lay hypnotized by Alex. Hamilton,  
And the incipient State's Rights party  
Yielded to the influence in sympathy.)

From the very day that the Republic  
Had claimed to be such, John Bull — splenetic  
Had tried in some way to check her advance,

While across the channel his neighbor France  
Towards the new power, in the new world,  
Looked with a smile, and quickly unfurled  
The driving canvas — coming with a treaty  
Of navigation, commerce, and amity;  
But so little in him of courtesy,  
And so far from him a sense of comity,  
That he offered no trade facility —  
Scarcely deigned commercial civility.

Such the conduct of th' unnatural Bull,—  
Cross-grained, crusty, crotchety, and full  
Of malice, megrims, and much bile secreted,  
Obstinate, arrogant, and conceited;  
In constant dudgeon raised his broad back,  
And equally protruding his high stomach,—  
In contrast to that of another people  
Who speak a strange language, and the steeple  
Of each church in whose land upholds a symbol  
Making still more a stranger the slim Gaul.

But soon by a sanguinary wench —  
Common enough later with the French —  
The king was succeeded by a rational  
Legislative, Constituent, and National —  
One after the other kind of — Assembly;  
All these succeeded by a Directory,

Which in turn succumbed to a First Consul  
Who caused ev'ry thing before to count as null  
And made himself for these forms a substitute ;  
And next all France obliged him to salute —  
First as a budding, then full-blown Emperor :  
Which incivism astounded his neighbor  
Great Britain, and him to circumvent  
An alliance was formed on the continent,  
But not the Emperor by all this alarmed :  
The mere that enemies around him swarmed  
The better he liked it ; and as to Britain —  
The isle he would sink his rights to maintain.  
Then did they grapple in conflict prolonged,  
In which other nations on the sea wronged,  
And which long continued hostility  
Evolved new principles in Admiralty, —  
The whole line of coast, from Elbe to Brest,  
John Bull proclaimed by himself possessed —  
So far as trade to the ports was concerned,  
And all neutal vessels were strictly warned  
That commerce with these interdicted,  
The same as if war ships there anchored.

I am the equal of John Bull and his kin,  
If blockades are good by a bulletin,  
Said Buonaparte, and sufficient thereunto

Royal or Imperial pronunciamento :  
Next to a battle I like a bulletin  
And as often have found the latter to win,  
And to the commercial world I publish  
That from this date every port British  
Is blockaded. Done this day at Berlin.  
And if any vessel laden sails therein  
My blockade system is violated,  
And the Emperor himself insulted !  
Which insult hastens the sure wrath of one  
Not yet by the Oracle declared the son  
Of Jupiter Ammon, or yet his name  
Surpassing in glory, and in war fame  
That of him who fell at Pompey's bleeding base ;  
But if conspiracies 'gainst a Gallic race  
Grow and expand on a globe now girded  
With abominable stories started  
By shopkeepers on a brassy, foggy,  
Spot of the globe, with bare heath, and boggy,  
Like dots and jots thereto united  
(Which wrongful union is yet to be righted),  
Nations will read of fresh French victories  
Not in annals related of wide earth armies  
Since the king-born Macedonian wept,  
Or the king-grown mighty Julian slept.

Great Britain then by the Orders in Council  
Notified the world that the true course still  
Was by a confiscation penalty  
To destroy the advantage of neutrality;  
And from New Archangel to Italy —  
The most southern point and extremity,  
Or wherever British vessels excluded,  
Neutral vessels would be intercepted  
And a punitive fine on all such laid:  
They held fast in port till the last pound paid.

The Emperor read these orders at Milan;  
And then proceeded to put under ban,  
Or in new French terms to denationalize,  
Or to designate as fit subjects for prize  
All merchantmen paying such penalty,  
Or submitting to this indignity.

Thus each port abroad the belligerents did  
seal,  
Either Buonaparte or the British, each in zeal,  
Each other to weaken, and on sea annoy:  
The end, as they knew, neutral trade to destroy.  
To the Republic there remained the coast trade:  
But, this the British dare also invade,  
And, cruising about with audacious beak,  
The Leopard came down on the Chesapeake;

Killing three on board, and wounding eighteen,  
Where from the American shore could be seen  
The foul attack, and the bold impressment,  
Following the brief — scarce real engagement.

Non-importation, then non-intercourse,  
The Republic tried: each found to be worse  
At home than abroad; what then could she do,  
What, but to hazard a real embargo?  
The same not relished on the northeast coast,  
Where from silent wharves grinned the ghosts  
Of trade defunct. Where too statesmen  
walked —

Growling at Congress; and orators talked  
Of ultimate remedies, in halls open,  
And of some compacts which might be broken!  
And in their excursions, seeking relief,  
They went to an extreme beyond belief:  
Went for an opinion south of Potomac  
Where they found that a State might talk back  
To the Federal head — and more radical  
Even, as in cases not made Federal,  
Of which the State was to judge, there might be  
The extreme, or the head-cracking remedy  
Invoked, the evils threaten'd to arrest; [best.  
Or the State might act in the way she deemed



The people also felt greatly aggrieved,  
And good patriots fully believed  
That it was clearly unconstitutional  
To stop trade for a time so unusual;  
And such the feeling at length at these ports  
That cases were carried into the courts  
For an authentic determination  
As to the right to produce stagnation  
And trade paralysis on the ocean,  
As an experiment, and with the notion  
That a brace of belligerents could thereby  
Be brought to terms, and to say they were  
hungry.

The Courts had doubts but solved them in favor  
Of the law, and the luckless law-maker :  
The people read part of the syllabus,  
And then went on just the same to discuss  
The legality of such a restriction,—  
And now also the mental condition  
Of the Bench : and probably tenure  
Which life would allow, or whole mind insure.

At Washington there was hope that French  
decrees  
As to American ships on the high seas  
Would soon be revoked; as well as a wish

That the traffic-intermeddling British  
Would be obliged wholly to cancel  
Their presumptuous Orders in Council  
When fully realizing the scarcity  
Resulting from marine inactivity;  
And it seemed to their Minister — Erskine —  
As if negotiations he ought to begin  
In behalf of his half-demented King,  
Or the Prince Regent, for the renewing  
Of the once exceedingly brisk traffic  
With the produce-abounding Republic.  
Therefore, he prepar'd that kind of a treaty,  
Signed, as it should be, at Washington City,  
And for confirmation of the agreement  
Forwarded it straight to his government:  
But, repudiated there, as soon as received,  
They astonished that any should be deceived  
By Mister Erskine in such transaction!  
And sending over Minister Jackson —  
To tell the Americans they well knew  
That it was not all within the purview  
Of this man Erskine's powers and duties  
To enter into that class of treaties.

A little higher the flames fanning  
The dispatches of the Premier—Canning:

Who would like to help the Republic let go,  
So he said, of its boomerang embargo;  
But, he could not touch the Orders in Council,  
Hence his snug feelings most count for *nihil*.

Buonaparte would not rescind the decrees,  
He sent word too, but on purpose to please  
A twin Republic! and an old ally —  
To'ards which he always felt quite warmly,  
And feeling so, had sold them at half price  
A half a continent, or a huge slice  
Of the boundless basin of the Mississippi —  
Which he'd got from Spain, and held on the sly!  
The whole sold to himself as first class bottom  
land —

A million square miles, or so, exclusive of sand.  
And now to further show his close friendship  
He had decreed that each American ship,  
With flag up, should be subject to seizure,—  
Encountering his own on the seas, or  
Stealing out of harbor, if such they saw,  
In contravention of the embargo law.

A forty-four gun frigate — the President,  
And the Little Belt — sixteen guns — each sent  
Into the other a double broadside!

But the crew of one or the other lied :  
For whether the first fire was by th' orders  
Of the American Commodore Rogers,  
Or of Captain Brigham the British officer  
Could not be established — no wonder —  
When the truth rested in tar testimony  
And their way of telling the tragic story :  
Each saw their comrades on the deck dying  
Before they knew there was to be firing.

But whether the sixteen-gun sloop did wait,  
That is, the British, for the forty-four frigate  
To begin, or she attack the President,  
The fate of such a bloody incident  
Could not but aggravate the war feeling,  
And hurry two nations to hostile meeting.

War measures could not long be deferred  
It was evident now to all who heard  
The fiery speeches in Washington City,—  
Sounding forth the Republic's plain duty :  
When trade was cut up in a ruthless way,  
And sneaking ships watched round every bay :  
When a British war-man would take a crew  
From a coasting ship — half a cargo too,  
On pretense British born, or contraband,  
Causing captain or commodore to stand,

And jack-tar, or goods of war deliver  
To a petty insolent officer,  
Under the penalty of his check'd vessel  
The number of seized going quick to swell.  
Ought this, would exclaim the loud orator,  
To be longer borne? No, rather real war;  
And the more so since France has rescinded  
The decrees, which before have hindered,  
As the British have claimed, the annulling  
Of the Orders in Council, — so the news coming  
By the vessels which have sailed very straight:  
On what pretext longer then do they wait?

Show to us, in response to the orator,  
Said His Majesty's Ministers over the water,  
That the decrees of the usurper in France  
Have been yet annulled. You had a chance,  
When the Fox and twenty other ships lately  
Were allowed by the Court in Admiralty —  
Having been seized and held by our cruisers —  
Time to prove the repeal of those measures.  
Did you do so? They were condemned on failure;  
Just as much now such reports premature,  
And in this way your Mister Buonaparte  
Poses before the world as shrewd and smart:  
What you design is to take Canada,

Then, get what you can in South America  
And in one way and another to win  
By keeping close to this Jupiter Scapin,  
Who would, if the occasion rose, just as quick  
Overthrow yours as his own Republic,  
Whose downfall is demanded by Europe,  
And who has again just dragged the Pope  
To Paris, to sign a new concordat;  
While your chief ruler, forsooth, a Democrat,  
Is urged to new acts of hostility  
Against the British bulwark of liberty.

We mean, rejoined the inflamed orator,  
To know no King, Prince, Pope, or Emperor.  
We wish for the past just indemnity,  
And for the future fair security,  
And that our flag shall everywhere protect  
Goods in transport, and persons who expect  
To remain American citizens —  
Home born, or naturalized aliens.

Thus the war sentiment continued to grow  
Till it was determined a manifesto  
Should be issued ; but before the goose quill  
Had been sharpened, the Orders in Council  
Had been rescinded : but so slow the mail  
The news had not come, nor did it avail,

When known, anything towards settlement —  
While the British still practiced impressment,  
And overhauled promiscuous cargoes  
In search of something useful to her foes.

In these times many things are confusing,  
Said Mister Madison — on events musing:  
John Bull, heretofore so short and chuffy,  
Rescinds his Orders just when we are ready  
For war, and have made proclamation,  
The means guaranteed by a fair taxation —  
The French decrees too have been repealed,  
Tho' how long the fact wholly concealed:  
Done, as it seems now, over a year ago!  
Strange, that at Paris our Mister Barlow  
Did not learn of it and communicate:  
But here in plain ink the document's date:  
Wonderful man truly this Buonaparte,  
And great the conquering Corsican's art —  
Or what it may be, by which he can juggle  
And throw a whole year back like a cock-shuttle,  
Or bring a year forward if necessary  
To confound and astonish his enemy.  
Joshua, with the sun upon Gibeon  
And the moon in valley of Ajalon

Had some such power: but his, limited,  
And for one day its exercise permitted.  
Perhaps his earth-mission to down John Bull!  
In that case we ought certainly to pull  
On this side of the water in unison,  
And his downfall complete by joint action,  
Yes! what a helper to us will he be!  
(Here he struck with descending palm his knee.)  
I'll wager the best horse at Montpelier  
Against the sorriest runt of a steer  
On John Randolph's Roanoke plantation  
That within a year the British Nation  
Will with every foe for peace be suing  
Glad to escape a total undoing,  
Or with just the bare island, as on that day  
When the Romans carelessly cast it away.  
Yes, on the French throne such a potentate,  
Clay and Calhoun with us, I calculate  
Great Britain soon ranked a third rate power —  
Fourth — or fifth, or perhaps even sixth, if our  
Campaigns come up to the expectation  
Of those who know the strength of this Nation;  
And if as strong as some suppose on the seas  
We may send our Diomed and Achilles  
To seize on her very palladium,  
And on her ruins write *Fuit Ilium*.



## BOOK II.

### THE ARGUMENT.

War declared — Army and navy increased — Henry Dearborn commander — Plan of the campaign — Hull's surrender — The Constitution and Guerriere — Constitution and Java — Attack of Van Rensselaer on Queenstown — Death of Brock — The army takes a stand — Tecumseh and the Prophet — The Northwestern Army marches — Disaster at the river Raisin — At Fort Meigs — Death of Col. Dudley — Proctor leaves Fort Meigs — Repulsed at Ft. Stevenson — Gen. Pike defeats Sheaffe — Perished in an explosion.

In Anno Domini Eighteen Hundred,  
And to this year twelve others added, —  
Ere the first summer month had reach'd its end  
John Bull was notified that he must attend  
To a war in the Western Hemisphere,  
And to double the tax on his spirits and beer.

The Republic raised too 'leven millions  
By increased customs on importations ;  
And promptly, by big majority, from ten  
The army increas'd to thirty thousand men,  
Well equipp'd, and at all points ready  
To co-operate with the remodeled navy, —

Which before had been long boats, with one  
gun, —

Ideal navy, and legacy of Jefferson.

In the dilemma having taken the war horn,  
It appeared certain that Henry Dearborn,  
Of Massachusetts, would be the Commander :  
Tho' that commonwealth declined to send her  
Own militia out. So too Connecticut,  
Having peculiar views, refused to put  
Her own troops under Federal orders,  
Or to have them marched beyond her borders ;  
Assured both that the law fundamental  
Would wholly sustain them in such refusal.

That such unfortunate exposition  
Should be given to the Constitution  
Was by the President much regretted,  
And he th'ot the same should be better studied  
In that section of the common country  
With less loud talk at the ports of entry.

The highly approved plan was first of all  
To invade Canada — take Montreal,  
And from that point with little difficulty  
Reduce in short time that whole territory,  
Marching on the east by the Niagara route,  
On the west by a way more roundabout.

William Hull, Governor of Michigan,  
On the latter route moved on to Malden ;  
But finding the place too well fortified  
For his forces to take — when they had tried —  
To Detroit he cautiously returned,  
And from the scouts in a few days learned  
That the British Lion, having filled his maw  
On the provisions at Michillimacinae,  
The garrison there, according to the scout,  
Being allowed unarmed to walk out,  
He was anxious next after this exploit  
To lunch with the Governor at Detroit.  
And soon over the river, at Sandwich,  
Was descried a brisk-moving mass, and which  
Turned out to be the enemy advancing;  
And next to Detroit the whole seen crossing.  
And soon at the garrison's door did knock,  
The British Commander, General Brock,  
Threat'ning to let loose his red Indians,  
And the rawest of his Canadians,  
If a complete surrender was long delayed.  
And not long then till this Hull displayed  
The white flag. And twenty-five hundred  
Men marched out, being first numbered,  
To see in front of the fort a less number,

Before whom each a musketless prisoner,  
To be held as such, or sent off on parole —  
To tell their neighbors the fate of the whole  
Northwestern Army, and to execrate  
The name of Hull, as by bright fires they sate  
Far into the night, and till Aurora —  
Daughter of the dawn, tinging the East they saw :  
Telling too how Findlay and McArthur  
Stamped the ground, and swore in their wrath, or  
How Cass broke his sword—hurled the fragment,  
Flourished his fists, and broke the Commandment ;  
And how privates the butts of muskets did crack,  
As they brought them to the ground with a  
thwack,

And outswore the old army in Flanders  
In lashing the meanest of Michiganders ;  
And how mother and child shared in the shock  
When the stout soldiers filed out before Brock.

There was but one way to wipe out the blot,  
A court-martial said,— Hull should be shot,  
But the sentence not put into execution :  
He having been in the Revolution  
A courageous and firm officer,  
The President excused him in this war.

Three days after Detroit another Hull —

He who on the ocean defied John Bull —  
Cruising off the coast of New Foundland  
Compelled Captain Dacres, amazed, to stand,  
And his Guerriere, with each man and gun,  
Deliver to his stanch Constitution:  
Just thirty minutes Isaac Hull required  
To dress out a British ship from the time he fired.

In the same waters but few days after,  
The frigate Essex of Captain Porter,  
Attacked the Alert — British sloop-of-war,  
And in eight minutes so shattered her  
That she hauled down the royal colors,  
And surrendered five hundred prisoners.

Sailing out with his Wasp quarrel to pick,  
Captain Jacob Jones soon found the Frolic,  
And after severe engagement took her;  
But a British war-man, coming, shook her,  
But two hours after from Captain Jones' grasp —  
Carrying off Captain, Frolic, and Wasp.

The good frigate of Commodore Decatur —  
The United States — a week later  
Captured the British Macedonian,  
Off the Azores — coast Brazilian,  
And with her sufficient prize money  
The risk of the attack to justify.

The Constitution, which now must have a  
New name — the Ironsides! — took the Java,  
A stout British ship, doomed her flag to change  
When Commodore Brainbridge got within range.

It was now determined only one way  
The march to be made in taking Canada,  
And that straight General Von Rensselaer  
From Lewiston to Queenstown should cross over,  
With the New York militia; take this town,  
And then push on for still further renown.  
A detachment got over; and from the dock  
Going on, as ordered, they kill'd General Brock  
And some soldiers, but of their own lost sixty,  
With a hundred wounded; which calamity  
Lost the day, as the boats returning loaded  
With the lifeless soldiers, and the wounded,  
So affected those about to embark  
That they would not do so, tho' urged till dark:  
Across the river too General Sheaffe  
Standing gloomily, and chief after chief  
Of scalp-raising Indians going to and fro,  
Augmented the disrelish for the foe,  
And in time created a marked confusion  
And sudden appeal, to the Constitution:  
They could not, they argued, be compelled

To go out of their State — this had been held  
In Massachusetts; and they insisted  
That for foreign war they had not enlisted;  
Nor could those in their own States paying taxes  
Be forced into facing the battle-axes  
Of Indians not taxed, unless those Indians  
Should cross the State lines in their invasions.  
To commands and entreaties being deaf  
Those who had crossed the river to Sheaffe  
Were obliged themselves to surrender,  
While the highly enraged Von Rensselaer,  
No longer able to check the outflow  
Of his rising choler, freely let go ! —  
Some say he used words, which tho' in the psalter,  
No divine ever read there in that same order;  
And his soldiers instead of going to Canada,  
Went off for a furlough and a holiday.

The National Council now lost confidence  
In such kind of troops for attack or defense;  
And resolved to grant to each recruit  
A larger bounty, then, if he did not shoot,  
Have him shot. Four new ships, two of the line,  
Were to be constructed; at the same time  
Six sloops and six frigates, which, added  
To the naval strength, would make two hundred

Armed vessels of every description  
To meet the thousand vessels of Britain.

The President sent General Winchester  
To Ohio State to be the commander  
Of her levies and those sent from Kentucky,  
Thinking in this case his choice most lucky.  
But the patriots gather'd in the Northwest  
Did not think this appointment the best;  
In fact, it was said, not a man would stir  
When order'd to the field by Winchester.  
Those in this camp, all gentlemen of note  
In their own counties, they put it to vote  
Whom they would recommend for substitution,  
And the choice fell upon William H. Harrison.  
Not a William Hull he! this they could swear,  
But a soldier who with soldiers would share  
In every danger, and never surrender  
While a ramrod was left or a charge of powder.  
The President in this choice did concur,  
But he hoped they yet might use Winchester  
At the head of a battalion, or brigade,  
Detachment, perhaps, or some kind of aid.

On the Mad river (which stream has its flow  
To the Miami — thence to th' Ohio:



Then by sweeping channel of amplest span  
To mix its waters with the Mexican . . .  
Grand gulf — rolled on by the Mississippi,  
Father of Waters, and marital ally  
Of the turbulent and self-proposing,  
Penceful Father-all-the-way-disturbing,  
Bank-filching, broil-enjoying, most unruly,  
Fretful, fickle, bar-menacing, Missouri),  
At the Indian village of Piqua —  
So wise and diligent chroniclers say —  
Was born four decades before the era  
Of which the Muse now sings with such éclat,  
And brought up there, too, by the tribe Shawnee,  
One not surpass'd East or West in loyalty  
To his race, nor who felt their wrongs more —  
Sanap, Sachem, or sad Sagamore.  
Tutored in war by those who sent Harmer  
On his hasty retreat, and a little later  
Pursued thro' the wilderness Arthur St. Clair,  
But who again in the field did not care  
To meet the "Black Snake" — "Mad Anthony,"  
A finished warrior the young Tecumseh.  
On the same day had been born a brother,  
Who was a prophet, seer, or soothsayer.  
These conceived it possible to hold back,

As had believed Philip and Pontiac,  
The white encroachers on the hunting grounds,  
And to their rapacity set certain bonds.

Secretly, the seer, or astute Elkswatawa  
Examined the omens, and there clearly saw —  
That if the wigwam fires were kept burning  
Like vestal fires thro' the day — and till morn-  
ing,

And to speedy death their dogs devoted,  
The tribes would be at all points supported  
By the Great Spirit, the whites vanquished,  
And of further aggressions all fears banished.

In the meantime Tecumseh was inciting,  
By eloquent tongue, to a wide uprising  
The scattered tribes, going South, that section  
To arouse to consentaneous action ;  
And preaching everywhere that the time was at  
hand

When the chased Indian was to make a stand,  
And no farther he towards the setting sun  
Like the buck and the buffalo to be run.  
All this time the Great Father did not slumber,  
But had his eye on the twins, knew the number  
Of red braves enrolled, and their red purpose —  
Reckless of the fate of squaw or papoose.

And westward went William H. Harrison,  
Who under mad Anthony Wayne had won,  
Some distinction (more before and since as Ben's  
Son, and grandsire), who forthwith to Vincennes  
Summoned the sachems for a pow-wow,  
And to find out what ailed the red man now.

Tecumseh came but would sign no treaty, —  
Never yet to one had he been a party ;  
And with open signs of his displeasure,  
And but scant respect for the Great Father,  
Or his — son, with his four hundred men  
Left the Council. And to the South again  
Soon went to complete in that far region  
The work with such zeal now entered upon,  
Taking this time the bundle of red sticks ;  
But not he deceiv'd by the chief of the Creeks —  
In his queer style of receiving the emblem,  
Nor by the wily dodges of any of them ;  
And seeing no hope of Indian unity,  
The sole object of his southern journey,  
He departed for Detroit, on the lake,  
And when he had reached there the earth did shake  
As he had foretold, and a thundering sound  
The far off Creeks heard — when he stamped the  
ground.

But while the warrior abroad tarried  
Calamity at home was being hurried,  
And before he could get there the Prophet —  
Getting his orders from above direct —  
With the pale-faces risked an engagement,  
Supposing that succor unseen would be sent,  
And on the leaf-strewn field of Tippecanoe  
Involved the tribes in an Indian Waterloo.

Nothing remained now for Tecumseh  
But to blow up the Prophet — epithetically,  
Then sit down and wait till the next year,  
When, by his own prediction, he should hear  
That among themselves the white's war would  
wage,

In which Christian contest the spoil'd savage  
Might have revenge for his heaped-up wrongs,  
And to "God save the King" join his war songs.

From the headquarters on the Scioto  
Winchester, tho' 'twas winter, was order'd to go  
With a part of the force there to the lake,  
Detroit and all Michigan to retake  
(The plan now conceived by Harrison.  
Who with his army was to follow on.)  
From Franklinton, then on to Frenchtown,  
Which on modern Michigan maps is shown

As Monroe — thro' mud he march'd. Thence did  
flee

The British and Indian skulking enemy.  
But the flight a ruse, the design to win  
By a sudden return to the Raisin  
Making an attack while over that river  
The forces were led by their commander.  
This they did, and in the confusion —  
These not for defense at all in condition —  
The foe carried out General Winchester,  
And landed him a swordless prisoner.  
And not long after to his soldiers  
Came the General's wish and orders  
For a surrender a massacre to forestall  
Which could not be check'd or controlled at all,  
Not even by Proctor be prevented,  
If once his Indian allies got started,  
And once in battle deeply engaged  
Their savage souls insanely enraged.

Alas ! that chivalrous Kentuckians,  
Disarmed in this way, should by Indians  
Be tomahawked, tortured, and scalped,  
And dying their persons of clothing stripp'd;  
And the wounded witness flaming torches  
Thrown by savages into the houses

Where they had crawled, hoping to share  
In the attention and hospital care;  
And the living — their sufferings mocked —  
Thro' the neighboring towns for a ransom  
hawked.

General Harrison, as soon as he  
Got his recruits ready, to the Maumee,  
On the route of Winchester made his way,  
And arrived there, without needless delay,  
Marked off the ground, and setting his pegs,  
Erected a fort, which he named Meigs —  
Deeming this due to Return Jonathan,  
Of Quaker descent, but a sound war man.

Proctor, hearing of this Maumee fort new,  
Came over himself to take there a view;  
Then bringing his army, built a battery  
On each side the river, as all could see  
With the design Fort Meigs to demolish,  
And set up on the grounds standards British.

General Clay coming from Kentucky,  
With twelve hundred men, sent Colonel Dudley,  
With eight hundred, one battery to take,  
Colonel Miller at the same time to make,  
On the other side of the river, a sortie  
And in like manner take that battery.

The guns were all taken by Dudley's men,  
But, contrary to all orders, they then  
Followed the fugitive to the timber,  
Where from ambush three times their number  
Sprang to the attack — led by Tecumseh,  
Whose short, sharp commands they quick to  
obey.

In this slaughter three hundred and fifty  
Alone escaped, but not Colonel Dudley,  
Who tried his own men to hold back as soon  
As he saw them start — turning his spontoon  
Against the foremost, and with vigor pushed,  
As to the red man's trap they madly rushed.  
But, he, tho' his own wound he knew mortal,  
Shot the savage whose well-aimed metal  
Shorten'd his own life ere its lethal force  
Could bring him all unconscious from his horse.

Tecumseh's men going home like cattle  
As was their custom after a battle,  
And many white soldiers off on furlough —  
Without asking officer whether or no,  
And not, with his present force, desiring  
To attempt the fort's capture by storming,  
Sending ahead his cannon and powder kegs,  
Proctor left the vicinity of Fort Meigs.

His march was next along the Sandusky  
With his regulars and followers dusky;  
And learning that there small the garrison,  
And cut off from General Harrison,  
He resolved Fort Stevenson to attack,—  
A block house, with earthworks, but there a lack  
Of heavy guns for a real solid defense —  
A single six-pounder the sole ordnance.

Thinking soon to capture Colonel Croghan,  
Proctor the attack from the river began.  
But, little effect on the earthwork seeing  
From his howitzer, and gunboat firing  
Thro' the night, an assault on the fort  
He ordered next — led by Colonel Short,  
Who amid showers from the sharp-shooters  
Rushed his soldiers up to th' embrasures  
Thro' the trenches — they as fast as bidden,  
Not suspecting the gun just in front hidden.  
“ Give the d —— d Yankees no quarter,”  
Shouted Short, who over the water  
Had learned his profession, and how to choose  
Words which an officer of the line should use  
When campaigning in North America,  
And all the extras in the use of jaw.  
Then the six-pounder from th' expos'd port-hole



Opened fire and in line raked the whole  
Ditch full of oath-encouraged stormers —  
Short's energetic words the last orders  
Ever heard by one hundred and fifty.  
Sounding they fell — on the banks of Sandusky,  
And darkness veiled their eyes, victims they  
Of their General's rash attempt on that day.

Proctor himself to all who were living  
Gave hasty orders from there to be moving.  
Never before had he seen under the sun  
An officer only just past twenty-one  
Who could punish assailants like Croghan —  
Losing himself the while but a single man ;  
And lest the young man should come out with  
the mind  
To seize his stores on the march he left these  
behind.

On the Ontario Commodore Chauncey,  
His flotilla ready now to launch, he  
Transported Dearborn's army over to York  
From Sackett's Harbor, — the ruler with fork  
He on this lake, or the upheld forked mace  
Which he flourished and shook in John Bull's  
face.

In making this move it was designed that Pike

The enemy at York should suddenly strike.  
The forces having made a good landing  
Attacked General Sheaffe — him defeating.  
But in the very moment of victory  
Pike and one hundred of his army  
Were hurled to immediate destruction —  
Too close they to a magazine explosion —  
And forty of the foe in the vicinity  
Involved likewise in the calamity.

The army went on taking views of things  
In a town which had its charter from kings,  
Entered at length the Legislative House,  
But brought away nothing except the mace  
Of the Speaker, lying on his desk there,  
And the dried human scalp above his chair !

## BOOK III.

### THE ARGUMENT.

The Hornet and Peacock — The Chesapeake and Shannon — The Argus and Pelican — The Enterprise and Boxer — Perry's Victory on Lake Erie — Battle of the Thames — Death of Tecumseh — Canada again invaded — Gen. Wilkinson's remarkable expedition — His court-martial and resignation.

Captain Lawrence, with his sloop the Hornet,  
Captain Peake with his Peacock, smiling, met —  
Off South America, where the Peacock  
Hoped of prizes to lay in a large stock.  
In fifteen minutes signals of distress  
Were seen on her deck, in her hold no less  
Than six feet of water, and soon sinking  
Carried down nine Americans, there risking  
Their own lives in attempting to rescue  
A part of the Peacock's perishing crew.

Lawrence promoted to the Chesapeake —  
An ill-fitted frigate, and her crew weak,  
Or ill-disposed an enemy to attack,  
Not having been paid for a few months back,

Accepted a challenge from Captain Broke,  
Who could make splinters — in this way he spoke,  
Of the Chesapeake — with his crack Shannon,  
If he would come out on the wide ocean.  
Lawrence came out but to his country's cost.  
In the contest the Chesapeake direly lost  
Half her men wounded, all her officers,  
Captain Broke's crew hauling down her colors.  
“Don't give up the ship!” Lawrence repeated,  
In his delirium, still undefeated;  
And his lost vessel yet in his control,  
While was passing away his valiant soul.

The sloop of war Argus, having on board  
The envoy to France, William H. Crawford,  
Sailed to that country, then in St. George's  
Channel,

Met the British Pelican — hence a quarrel.  
For William H. Allen of the Argus  
While not seeking at this time a sea fuss,  
As his men were less, and his guns fewer,  
Than those of the ship now drawing nearer,  
Yet did not understand that a captain  
Of an American sloop should fail to maintain  
On that account his country's high honor,  
Therefore, as if all depended on her

Action this day, the challenge he took up  
And boldly brought his unequal sloop up.  
Soon after the close engagement began  
The advantage was with the Pelican,  
And in the midst of the fight by his men  
Was taken below their Captain Allen,  
Badly wounded, and unfit to command;  
And not much longer on the deck did stand  
His noble Lieutenant William H. Watson,  
Sore, wounded in the head. The captain's son  
Took command, till the sloop's surrender  
Cut off the need of American commander;  
On her decks six killed, and seventeen wounded,  
When her uselessness for action completed.

Lieutenant Burroughs, with the Enterprise,  
Engaged the Boxer — securing a prize  
In forty minutes. Her flag to the mast,  
By her captain's orders, nailed so fast  
That it could not be hauled down, the Briton  
Thinking such an event out of the question.  
But the battle for Burroughs dearly won,  
Himself killed, he on his ship the only one;  
Many on the Boxer, and her Captain Blythe  
In the bloody conflict losing his life,  
And his body by that of Burroughs buried

When both of these by the Enterprise carried  
To the coast of Maine at the Sagadahoc  
(Whose enterprise the Bay State tried to block —  
When to the Union she came — a postulant,  
Protesting strong, and alleging a want  
Of respect for her parent, as well as non-age;  
And offering to show how on every page  
Of her short history the names could be found  
Of felons, and of that class which abound  
In new settlements — sent off from the old  
That society may be safe ; and she so bold  
As to predict that the older States would yet  
In their heart of hearts unceasingly regret  
The cohesion, tho' the object claimed,  
In part, — of rare statesmanship — which aimed  
To preserve a nice balance, and offset with her  
A postulant, pukish, and still blacker ).

Chauncey's flotilla on Lake Ontario  
Chased here and there ships of Sir James Yeo,  
Who would not stand and engage in fair fight  
But skulked about maneuvering by night.  
On Lake Erie affairs quite different —  
There the British Neptune shook his trident  
And domineered the unsalted sea —

Not in his view craft of an enemy.

Such then the condition when at Presque Isle  
Sailing Master Daniel Dobbins laid the keel  
Of the first vessel, using the timber  
Cut on the shore in lieu of dried lumber;  
And soon a fleet was finished, at Erie  
To be launched, consigned to O. Hazzard Perry.

With nine good vessels, and five hundred men  
To man fifty-four guns, Perry sailed for Malden.  
But soon was resailing for Put-in-Bay,  
Where he hoped to meet with Captain Barclay;  
Which he did soon. Receiving the first shot  
From Barclay's flag-ship, the Queen Charlotte,  
Then shot after shot — so well directed  
That in a short time so badly shattered  
Perry's flag ship — the well-named Lawrence —  
That no longer for him she a dependence:  
Her spars in splinters, and each sail a shred  
And all but five seamen killed, or wounded.

Perry to the Niagara then was rowed  
While the enemy's guns to him showed  
Flashes incessant, and missiles in showers:  
But thro' all came his buffeting rowers —  
To his new flag-ship. Then quickly began  
The real conflict as the Niagara ran,

While Perry hoisted where his sailors could see —  
“ Don’t Give up the Ship ! ” — lettered on his  
burgee,

Followed by his fleet, down the line between —  
The Detroit, Little Belt, and Charlotte Queen,  
On the one side, and close on the other,  
The Lady Prevost, Chippewa, and Hunter.

From Perry’s fleet now larboard, and starboard,  
A destroying fire unceasingly poured :

Soon the Detroit and Charlotte foul of each other,  
Broadside after broadside received together,  
Till the Detroit, worse shattered, her colors  
struck ;

And the whole squadron before four o’clock,  
Or in four hours from the time Captain Barclay  
Fired his first shot on that eventful day.

“ We have met the enemy, and they are Ours ! ”

Began the dispatch which in a few hours

Announced this important lake victory

To General Harrison at Sandusky :

“ Two ships, two brigs, a sloop, and a schooner ! ”

These the one-armed survivor of Trafalgar

Passed to Perry, who before in fight had not been,

With sixty guns, and six hundred men :

While two hundred lifeless on his decks lay.



The Commodore himself at Put-in-Bay  
Ninety-six of his own seamen buried,  
And twenty-seven sent away wounded.

The success on the lake opened the way  
To Detroit to go — thence on to Canada ;  
And two thousand men came from Kentucky  
With their Governor — the veteran Shelby  
To join the volunteers still with Harrison:  
And with these too came Richard M. Johnson,  
Who an infant in arms knew the savage,  
And at Bryan's Station saw at that age  
The painted devils, skulking, and hoping  
A chance parents to scalp, their babes butchering.  
And who was now order'd, with a detachment,  
To start for Detroit ; then by arrangement  
With Harrison and Shelby to unite,  
And finding Proctor to bring on the fight :  
Proctor, who with Perfidy the same day  
Was littered, so the curious in dates say:  
He the younger and less perfidious,  
But not in history the less hideous  
At any period, or less of obloquy  
Linked with his American memory.

Johnson's men paused at the dark Raisin

To bury the bones of brothers there slain  
In a common grave, in vain the fond wish  
One from another now to distinguish.

The main army moved on to Malden  
On transports embark'd; here Proctor had been,  
But was now gone, his red and white savages  
Having destroyed the stores and storehouses  
Against the protest of one superior  
By nature molded, in caste inferior —  
The ever ready, haughty Tecumseh,  
A brigadier now in the British army —  
They laying waste everything in going,  
At hand, or in wayside fields growing.  
Proctor passed on to the Moravian village —  
Brigadier Tecumseh still in a rage —  
Beyond here, and where the river Thames  
In its winding course a point of land hems  
With a wide morass on the other side —  
A point which wise nature seemed to provide,  
As it looked to Proctor for a victory  
Against his close pursuing enemy  
Should be make a stand, and endeavor  
To improve this providential offer.  
This he did, bringing all to a right-about-face,  
And then on this point proceeded to place

His red-coats and red-skins in a position  
Which he th'ot would stump General Harrison.

Johnson at hand, Harrison took a view  
Of the grounds, well selected, he tho't too :  
Then in front, between the swamp and river,  
He formed briskly the brigade of Trotter,  
Right in rear the brigades of Chile and King,  
Shelby still to the rear. Then recollecting  
At the last moment with what dexterity  
Mounted men scour the woods of Kentucky,  
He decided to charge in the timber,  
With his gallant troopers, the regular  
British infantry, discernible quite  
By their scarlet garb, and bayonets bright.

Colonel Johnson, on his large white charger,  
Then to the charge ! To the British much larger  
His appearance than the reality  
When they saw him, and his whole cavalry,  
Crash into the woods ; but began firing,  
And saw at first the horses recoiling,  
But, spurred again, they trampled the enemy,  
And, turned about by their riders, were ready  
For a recharge ; but the horsed regulars,  
Amazed at such frontier manœuvres,  
Not a second time such a charge would stand ;

They wished they were again in Old England,  
And started at once. Then the horse-taming,  
Always-at-the-foe-dead-sure-aiming,  
Saddle-bred sons of the ground dark and bloody  
Galloped to where their Governor Shelby,  
Fifteen hundred Indians was engaging,  
And where the contest fiercest was raging.  
Never did red men on the battle ground  
Surpass that day — dealing death to the sound  
Of that terrible voice, heard distinctly  
Above the wild clamor — that of Tecumseh !  
Heard the last time in terror resounding  
Thro' the Thames woods ; the forest refusing  
Fruition of hopes and the fulfillment [bent.  
Of dreams, and race schemes, on which her son

Hushed now the war cry of Tecumseh,  
By his dead body a hundred and twenty  
Who never again will raise the tomahawk,  
Or follow foe for the bloody scalp-lock.  
The surviving red warriors and braves  
Fearing nothing ahead but shallow graves,  
And hearing no more the voice of their chieftain,  
And seeing no more the face of an Englishman  
From the field soon went — beyond the river —  
Beyond the great swamp, and beyond danger.

Proctor perceiving the day to be lost,  
Had left his red allies to take the worst,  
And not wishing to witness the carnage  
Traveled rapidly in his own carriage:  
Which vehicle o'ertaken, he managed,  
While his luggage was being rummaged,  
To 'scape the captors, and put his person  
Out of their reach, and of hostile weapon.

With honor the victors interred Tecumseh,  
Magnanimous they, as he, in victory.  
Most powerful chief who had arisen  
To dispute with the whites the possession  
Of a soil seen by his red forefathers  
Before Columbus, or his followers.  
Of Indian orators the most eloquent,—  
The wrongs of his race the one argument.  
But whether at the aim of Colonel Johnson  
His sword and sash he resigned to his son —  
Whom he hoped too would be a great warrior —  
Or, of one on a different colored charger,  
Is still a question of anxious interest,  
And at local points one of sharp contest:  
Those who to Johnson the true aim deny  
Will surely have to show, how on the die  
Of the monument rear'd in the cemetery —

At the historic capitol of Kentucky,  
Sculptors observers there have misled,  
And chiseled out of fair honors the dead,  
Who do not there lie, by their chiseling,  
Which shows Johnson doing all the killing.

It was now the second year of the war  
And no great impression made thus far  
On Canada, nor did it seem that Montreal  
Was likely without more pushing to fall:  
This at Washington a source of chagrin,  
And it was determined now to begin  
A campaign thither which should be in earnest,  
And the General to be in Montreal a guest.  
That this plan might not fail Henry Dearborn  
Gave up the command to James Wilkinson;  
With eight thousand men Harrison also  
Crossed the lake to Black Rock and Buffalo,  
And from the South came General Hampton  
To Plattsburg, with a force; from there to push  
on  
With the Army of the East from Champlain  
To join Wilkinson in the new campaign.  
To give to the expedition due éclat,  
And the natives along the route to awe,

The Secretary of War left Washington  
And with signal pomp hasten'd to Wilkinson,  
The command not intended to be joint,  
But he to give the General a point  
Now and then as the army cautiously  
Moved on the edge of the enemy's country.  
General Wilkinson with him could dispense,  
But they all started along the St. Lawrence  
And for several weeks made good headway ;  
Obliged now and then a short time to stay,  
As at Chrysler's Field, the foe to chastise  
For following with too inquisitive eyes.

Hampton ordered to be at St. Regis,  
Did not reach there, but a letter like this —  
The wretched roads ; and the short provision,  
Reported in the camp of Wilkinson,  
Would render the junction impracticable —  
On the latter account too undesirable ;  
He had already had one smart skirmish  
In the Chateaugay woods with the British.

Wilkinson's officers, when this letter  
Was read in council by their commander,  
Concluded that the campaign for this season  
Was closed ; and at French Mills much discussion,  
When they had gone into winter quarters

As to the cause of this, and all such matters:  
Some said Secretary of War Armstrong  
Ought not in person to have gone along,  
But should have staid at the seat of govern-  
ment

Until somebody here for him had sent;  
Others declared that General Wilkinson  
Was not a fit person for such expedition  
And should have staid in the South where he'd  
friends

And not in the North try to make amends  
For the past, or to patch up his character —  
Torn all up and down trying to climb with Burr;  
Or to atone for his winks at Miranda  
By getting up a hurrah for Canada.  
At any rate an army could not be led  
By a General carried on a sick bed,—  
They might as well have old Daddy Dearborn  
As one on ambulance always borne;  
Others not slow to say that Wade Hampton,  
If in the Revolution he had won  
Any laurels, should have been satisfied  
And not in this war fresh ones to have tried  
On the frontier, where were men much younger,  
Who could stand stumpy roads, cold and hunger;



He should have joined Wilkinson at all hazard  
And ought to be superseded by Izard.

General Wilkinson spent the winter  
Devising plans by which the Upper  
From Lower Canada to be detached,  
Which when to Washington City dispatched,  
And to the War Secretary submitted  
Were immediately rejected;  
And from the department came an order  
To send General Brown to Sackett's Harbor,  
Himself on the Plattsburg road to hasten,  
Between the two the foe to fasten.

At Rouse Point to check the enemy  
Wilkinson erected next a battery;  
But in a short time his officers seeing  
At La Colle Mill a large force collecting,  
In the aid of Brown to make a diversion  
He marched thither; his Captain McPherson  
Cannonading the fortified storehouse  
Where the foe was lodged, three miles from  
Rouse,

Using an eighteen, and a twelve-pounder,  
And part of the time a five-inch howitzer.  
The foe from the storehouse making a sortie  
In which were killed a hundred and twenty

Of Wilkinson's men, and Captain McPherson  
On the thick stone walls making no impression,  
A retreat was ordered ; but in good order,  
And led in person by the commander,  
General Wilkinson this day marching  
For the last time, whether advancing,  
Or on a retreat ; as an army head  
On the back of war horse, or on cot bed.

It being now settled that Montreal  
He could never reach, a court-martial  
Sat in his case to find out the reason.  
This never made clear — tho' 'twas not treason,  
The court could not say just how he had erred,  
But from the way the whole country was stirred,  
The President knew there was error somewhere,  
And he concluded with him a big share ;  
Therefore thro' the War Office he directed  
His resignation to be requested.

## BOOK IV.

### THE ARGUMENT.

War apathy — Activity on the ocean — Ardor of Commodore Rogers — The Constitution and the Picton — The La Pique — Commodore Porter's success with his Essex — The Nooka-heevah episode — Porter's measures explained and defended — Engagement of the Essex with the Phoebe and Cherub at Valparaiso — The President, Hornet, Tom Bowline, and Peacock — The President and Endymion — Hornet and Penguin — Plundering on the coast.

As the Trojan war so nobly begun  
Paused at the wrath of Peleus' son,  
So this war much delayed by Achilles,  
Or a thousand American Pelides,  
Lacking war spirit. But not this apathy  
On the ocean ; there all activity,  
And in this famed year of war, as before,  
Naval acts splendid. And first Commodore  
Rogers returning, with his President,  
From a long, lucky cruise, an engagement  
With three British ships off Sandy Hook  
Tried to provoke, and tho' great pains he took,

Firing several guns to the windward,  
To show unmistakably what he dared,  
It was in vain; he could not even get  
Captain Lloyd, of the Plantagenet —  
A seventy-four, the largest and nearest,  
To take notice that he was in earnest;  
Which silence was taken as tantamount  
To this, that Bull's pluck was now at a discount.

The Constitution captured the Picton,  
A public schooner, well freighted, then kept on  
Her course, fright'ning a frigate, the La Pique,  
And her Captain Maitland; who did not seek  
Anything after he saw her but an escape —  
Which in the darkness he was able to make —  
From his pursuer after a long chase,  
Subsequently considered in this case  
By the British Board of Admiralty,  
That her Captain had done admirably,  
As in the Board's view not less than two frigates  
Should now engage one of the United States.

With his Essex from April to October  
That seasoned seaman, Commodore Porter,  
Took twelve armed whale ships in the Pacific,  
One of which, well known as the Atlantic,  
He converted to an American cruiser,

And then christened her the Essex Junior ;  
With her Lieutenant Downs ordered to go,  
The prizes in charge, to Valparaiso.

Returning soon, Downs told the Commodore  
That a British squadron — two sloops of war,  
A frigate, and a storeship of twenty guns,  
Was looking for him and his trusty Downs !  
The Commodore for some time had been aware  
That his own Essex should go in for repair,  
And he steered for the island Nookaheevah,  
Which, reaching, by a new kind o' sea law,  
He renamed Madison, not intending  
A conquest of course — simply complimenting  
His President, whom he knew would be pleased ;  
At the same time the natives would be eased  
In their simple minds, seeing their safety  
The principal object of this seeming hasty  
And apparent strange vessel intrusion,  
But which meant for them a more perfect union,  
As they perceived, and a kind of adoption  
Under the American Constitution,  
Of which they'd often heard, and a copy  
Had longed for, and to know that their Poppy  
Was the same hero who was the Father  
Of that Constitution and would gather

Them all under its broad anticipations,  
And claim them likewise as his relations.

War was now being waged on the island,  
And the tribes urged Porter to take a hand;  
Not understanding in their simplicity  
What was meant by a strict neutrality,  
And not knowing that by law international  
He could take no part in their tribal quarrel.  
But he did teach one tribe — the Typee,  
Of what type their conduct ought to be  
When a Commodore their place visited  
And was having his ship there refitted.  
First, to impress and win the rude Typees,  
He fired his guns at far off-rocks and trees;  
Failing in these frequent object lessons,  
He show'd them the nature of his weapons,  
Turned straight towards Typean anatomies  
And when for targets slim tattooed bodies.  
Then he burned their villages, nine in number,  
With such good effect on them and the other  
Belligerent tribes, that while he remained  
From hostile attack they not only abstained,  
But in acts of friendship with each other vied;  
Each wished to be first to see him supplied  
Not only with all the necessities,

But with all Madisonian luxuries.  
And such the harmony which prevailed  
Among all the tribes before he sailed,  
That in looking back the oldest islander  
Such concord before could not remember.

Such the effect of the Constitution,  
When injected, or its direct action  
Administered as a prophylactic,  
In the far-off isles of the South Pacific.  
And such its power from the very day  
That it came forth at Philadelphia,  
With genuine brotherly love innate —  
The overflowing affection of each State  
Incorporated, and abiding closely  
In its Articles, however loosely  
At times they may have been interpreted,  
And the Preamble put for what was intended.

The British who have no Constitution  
Dear to them at all, but a confusion  
Of ancient acts, and this and that precedent,  
Have had much to say about this incident,  
And seeing in it an annexation  
Have made it the theme of fine declamation.

If Porter had there a kind of possession  
For a brief time in the name of Madison,

Or admit that in this case Uncle Sam  
Did take for once a little strange lamb,  
To hold awhile fondly, and then let go,  
The better for having been handled so,  
Does it lie in the mouth of the Lion  
To condemn such an act by the scion,  
Who came by this grabbing instinct honestly,  
If inheriting a single quality?  
In the mouth of him, who like Ajax insane  
Does not stop till whole flocks at his feet lie slain;  
Who does not seize one island by itself?  
O! no, this nothing for his royal pelf:  
But, grabs at sight archipelagoes  
As in his rapacity on he goes,—  
The rising sun around the world greeting,  
From points seized in line, with his drum-beat-  
ing;  
Burning towns, cities, or nations' capitols;  
Shocking civilized people by horse-stalls  
Put up in churches; and quick to destroy  
Whate'er in art refined people enjoy;  
Then call upon the whole world to witness  
How the younger nation has done amiss,  
And how amazingly his bile has been stirred,  
And how sick he because this has occurred!



And amid his groans to make a bugaboo  
Of some wigwams burned — built of bamboo!  
Then ring the changes on the change of name—  
As if a new government meant by the same,  
When the change was required by euphony  
Before everything else, as anybody  
Knows very well who knows how difficult  
On any syllable but the penult  
For Porter's seamen to get the accent —  
Even the oldest and most proficient;  
Which was wrong, and greatly disturbed Porter,  
Who, tho' at no time in his life a professor,  
Had a nice ear; and knew by intuition  
When a syllable was long by position,  
And when short too; and he could not endure  
One sounded short on his ship — long by nature;  
And a false accent he so denounced,  
That rather than hear this name mispronounced  
He hit upon the pleasing mutation  
From rough Nookaheevah to smooth Madison.

To this tropic island the Commodore —  
Who, unlike British captains, seldom swore,  
And never in the presence of the natives  
Let slip loose nouns, or crooked adjectives,  
And always reproved his own officers

When they imitated John Bull's swaggerers—  
Went on account of the state of his vessel,  
And not for the purpose of seeking a quarrel,  
Any more than pious Eneas to the Strophades :  
But having landed, by the vile Harpies  
Not to be insulted the Trojan voyager,  
As the Harpies found, and in their anger  
Heaped on him maledictions and curses ;  
While naught but benedictions and praises  
Followed the pious Porter, who in crises  
Studied closely how the son of Anchises  
Had acted in similar circumstances,  
Making his way, as he, thro' the untried seas.  
And on the final day, when his hawser  
Had been hauled in, and weighed his anchor,  
The natives would have composed an ode  
To be sung to him, as in canoes they rowed  
Gently on each side the stately Essex,  
(No distinction now between tribe or sex,)  
As she slowly moved to the deep water,  
Had they known how to manage the metre,  
And set it to a tune appropriate  
To express, if such might, the estimate  
Which they now put upon the character  
Of the departing, paternal Porter.

And when his sails filled, they still sat watching —  
Long after their oars in silence dropping,  
Till his maintopsail below the horizon  
They saw go. Then each orphan citizen  
In silence back to the island started,  
To be there in a measure comforted  
By the fact that this was now Madison,  
Each childless Typee wishing he had a son  
Whom he might name for the lost Commodore:  
Tho', now, when he sat down where he still sore —  
Off his guard — would jump with exclamation  
Caught from Porter's cook, or one of that station.

The Essex now, and the Essex Junior,  
Lieutenant Downs steering close up the latter,  
Sailed into the harbor of Valparaiso,  
At the old Essex's mizzen the motto —  
“Free Trade — Sailor's Rights — God — Our  
Country,”  
Nailed in defiance to the bold Phoebe,  
Which with the Cherub, sailed up behind them —  
“British Sailors' Best Rights — Traitors Offend  
Them,”  
The motto fixed to the mast of the Phoebe  
By Commodore Hillyar, confident he

That with his own ship he both could conquer,  
With a little aid from Captain Tucker.

The British vessels soon after stood out,  
And for the next six weeks cruised about,  
With their eighty guns and five hundred men,  
Double the number the Essexes had then.  
Commodore Porter would most willingly  
Have engaged either one of them singly,  
And he signaled this by every maneuver,  
And then sent a challenge to Commodore Hillyar.  
But all such endeavors of no avail,  
And discovering that he could outsail  
Either vessel, and the wind blowing fresh,  
With his own Essex he made a dash,  
So as to pass both, to the windward ;  
But struck by a squall was driven backward  
Into a bay — thence into a narrow port,  
Which was, as all knew, a neutral resort,  
And which he supposed Hillyar would respect,  
But, when did Bull's sons such courtesy affect ?  
And tho' within pistol shot of the shore,  
Both the Phoebe and Cherub began to pour  
Into his sides a tremendous fire,  
As if pounding a pirate in their ire.  
Commodore Porter not being able

To get a spring, as he wished, on his cable,  
So as to bring his broadsides well to bear,  
The Phoebe and Cherub now in the rear,  
He ran out at the stern ports three twelve-  
pounders,

Managed in such manner by his gunners  
That in half an hour Commodore Hillyar  
Was compelled to haul off for repair ;  
But soon again on the Essex starboard  
The Cherub appeared, and Phoebe repaired.  
Finding that as these for action drew near,  
None of his guns could be brought to bear,  
The Commodore seeing no other hope  
But in getting under way — cut his rope ;  
But the only sail he could set was his jib,  
And his vessel hit now in every rib  
From the lively fire kept up by the Cherub,  
Which the Phoebe led, as a bear the cub,  
He was obliged again to make the shore ;  
But the wind shifting, drove him more and more  
Upon the galling fire of the Phoebe,  
Which extinguished all hope there might be  
Of saving at all the Senior Essex,  
Burning fore and aft, and her berth decks  
Crowded with wounded, Porter struck colors,

Having lost in killed fifty-eight sailors —  
Thirty-one missing, and sixty-six injured ;  
The Phoebe and Cherub but five dead numbered,  
And of the disabled twice as many  
They took, leaving the coast of Chile.

The Peacock, the Hornet, and President,  
With the Tom Bowline, a store ship, now went  
Out of port, each by herself, observation  
The better to escape — to the ocean.  
The President fell in with a squadron  
And was attacked by the Endymion,  
But in less than two hours from the attack  
The daring Endymion a sad wreck,  
But, knowing it vain to attempt to flee  
The Tenedos, Pomene, and Majestic-razee,  
To save his men, the President's commander  
To the three vessels make a surrender ;  
But the Hornet, Tom Bowline, and Peacock,  
Not aware of the President's bad luck,  
Kept on their way, sailing cautiously,  
And with good lookout for the enemy.  
Before arriving at the rendezvous  
The Hornet was observed, and attack'd too :  
Captain Dickinson, with his brig Penguin,

So anxious at once the action to begin  
That on the first dash he ran his bowsprit  
Between the main and mizzen of the Hornet :  
The rash captain quick killed by a grape-shot,  
The crew of the Penguin, ordered, would not  
Board the Hornet ; therefore the lieutenant,  
Seeing the brig's destruction imminent,  
Surrendered her to Lieutenant Mago  
Of the Hornet, who scuttling the brig did go  
With her crew to the store-ship Tom Bowline,  
To which all the prisoners he did consign.

By a peculiar British distinction,  
Blockade was in force to the south of Boston,  
And from time to time on the coast a squadron :  
That of Admiral J. Borlace Warren,  
Would hold in its grasp a merchantman tight,  
Or a regular war-ship engage in fight ;  
Or that of Admirals Beresford and Cockburn,  
Would move up a bay, the house of foe burn,  
Shell a town, the inhabitants plunder,  
Carry off plate on a barge or tender,  
Destroy a forge, or a cannon foundry,  
Drive off a cow, if they found a dairy,  
Steal a steer, shoot a shoat, decimate a flock

Of fat geese or turkeys, break a smoke-house  
lock,

And if more than usually hungry  
Bravely enter the good housewife's pantry  
Berate both sexes, and slaves encourage,  
Furnished with arms, to insult and pillage.



## BOOK V.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Failure of Russian mediation — New vigor in war preparations — Young Cornplanter comes with his Senacas to Porter and Swift — Movements on frontier — Fall of Ft. Erie — Battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane — Siege of Ft. Erie — Siege abandoned and fort blown up — The British fleet moves towards Washington — Preparations for defense — Battle of Bladensburg.

So little regard for the Bear the Lion  
That it was deemed useless longer to try on  
Him a sometime proffered mediation,  
Or the good offices of the Russian.  
The Lion would do nothing but roar,  
Shake his mane, lash his tail, and call for more  
Blood to be spilled — in wrathful ecstasy  
Scorning all essays at diplomacy,  
And in his frenzy threat'ning to strip  
Every feather from the Eagle, then rip  
Up the back the furry coats, and hide flay  
Of all four-footed prowlers which for one day  
Dared to interfere in his hot disputes,

Especial caution meant to all Polar brutes.  
Therefore 'twas resolved the war must go on  
Until the Lion would listen to reason,  
And with a new vigor now prosecuted  
With a new army and by new men led.

The Seneca bred youth, "Young Corn-  
planter,"

Who, unlike any uncle or ancestor,  
Had taken a complete college course,  
Since which to tribe habits much averse,  
Now under the name of Henry O. Beal  
(Which name was not adopted to conceal  
Any lurking savage instincts, such as  
One might suspect still with the Senecas,  
For he had none) came with his Indians,  
Four hundred in number, tame as lambs,  
And having himself resumed the blanket,  
Each follower brought a bright new musket.  
All these now enlisted with Porter and Swift;  
Far indeed from their designs once to lift  
The scalps of their defeated enemies,  
Or eat their plucked hearts, as His Majesty's  
Red recruits, or to have wild war dances,  
Or frighten peaceable folks by menaces.  
In accepting these the object to show,

Chiefly, how utterly false and hollow  
The pretense of John Bull that the Indian  
Could not in war like any other man  
Be made to behave, and the inanity  
Of Bull's pretensions to humanity.

These New York Generals — Swift and  
Porter,  
Their State's forces were getting together  
With the intention of quickly joining  
General Brown, on the frontier collecting  
A great force, which with him this time was to go  
To the heart of Canada — without proviso,  
And once engaged, without intermission  
Cover the Canuck with the Constitution.

General Brown's army getting in motion  
He sent ahead of himself a portion  
Which was to make an attack on Fort Erie,  
Selecting the brigades of Scott and Ripley,  
Which arrived at the fort had singular luck,  
Bringing out at the first fire Captain Bruck  
With two hundred men ; and now soon  
General Scott and Captain Towson  
Advanced again with the artillery  
Of the latter. During the day too Ripley  
And Major Hindman joined their forces,

Hindman having with him his field pieces,  
And soon all these in the vicinity,  
As they discovered, of a battery.  
Scott and Ripley determined a trial,  
If, as they surmised, here General Riall,  
Of their forces with his, could they draw  
Him out to the plains of Chippewa.  
Riall came out. And most sanguinary  
The engagement there, the drawn enemy  
Five hundred losing, three hundred his foe;  
Riall's men the first from the field to go,  
Followed by Jessup, Hindman, and Towson,  
Who could not, tho' at their best speed, get on  
As fast as the pursued, who took the direction  
Of the battery, which afforded protection  
When they had gained it, in breath exhausted;  
And the sun descending fast all now rested.

But when Aurora, the rosy-fingered,  
Who by Tithonus' side too long had lingered,  
Rising, with purple veil, and saffron vest,  
Dispensed her light, speeding from east to west,  
Then were the Generals of both armies  
Briskly stirring, charged with pressing duties:  
Immediately to Riall's relief,

Sent by Drummond, the Commander-in-chief,  
Came re-enforcements, and himself from Fort  
George ;

Realizing that now Riall's risks were large,  
And who to threaten the town of Schlosser,  
Up the Niagara — and across her,  
Sent a detachment, with the hope to induce  
General Brown, perplexed, to divide his force.  
Brown also now to divert the enemy  
From his stores and sick, strategically  
Started General Scott, with his brigade,  
Up the Queenstown road, and him to aid  
Sent along, with his big guns, Major Towson ;  
And when, keeping this road, they had gone on  
To where the roar of Niagara very plain,  
And were briskly approaching Lundy's Lane,  
They caught a glimpse again of Riall's force,  
Upon which they hesitated in their course ;  
But starting again a battery opened  
Which their movements greatly quickened,  
But the fire returned by Captain Towson,  
While Scott, with his own brigade, just kept on,  
But soon was opposed by three times his number  
Heretofore well hid by the thick timber.  
For over an hour was the fight kept up,

When the foe's left flank by Major Jessup  
Uniquely turned, and reaching thus the rear  
His Captain Ketcham took Riall prisoner.  
And so great the number of prisoners  
Soon taken by all of Jessup's officers  
That his advance was greatly impeded  
By the care of these ; but he succeeded  
In getting them disposed of finally,  
Then turned again upon the enemy,  
And tho' the fire thro' which he moved intense,  
He soon made a rampart of a stone fence,  
Hence poured the hot lead so persistently  
That about dark the British infantry  
Took to the road, pursued by Jessup, their fleet-  
ness

Shown at quick intervals in the darkness  
By the blaze of his guns ; more prisoners  
Now added to privates and officers.

Both the Generals, Brown and Drummond,  
Good reinforcements that night summoned  
To the desperate conflict — involving  
The whole of both armies in the morning ;  
Waged now as hotly as the day before,  
And doubtful the issue perhaps, when sore,  
Or badly punished by the foe's ordnance

Skillfully planted on an eminence,  
General Ripley asked Colonel Miller  
If he thought he could ascend that hill, or  
High-rising ridge, and take that battery.  
Quoth Colonel Miller, with quick glance of eye :  
Those annoying guns are very high, sir,  
And the ascent steep, but I will try, sir.  
Then with his ardent followers started  
And never once they looked back or halted,  
Till British gunners were going down hill —  
Those who were able, those on the top still  
Lying 'round the guns, some prone, some supine,  
Some moving yet, others making no sign.  
No longer harassed by this battery,  
The whole command of General Ripley  
Charged the enemy, bravely pushing on  
Over the ground Colonel Miller had won.  
Three times the enemy to the attack  
Returned reinforc'd; three times driven back ;  
The third time coming right into the midst  
Of Hindman's guns, that cool artilleryist,  
Spiking two of his principal pieces,  
Fought the assailants across the carriages.  
The horses all killed and no drag ropes  
To be procured, Ripley saw no hopes

Of saving the captured artillery —  
The best credentials of his victory.  
The smaller pieces by Major Hindman  
Were rolled down hill. Then he, the last man,  
Collected the wounded, and too came down —  
Such an order, he heard, coming from Brown.

The next day up the hill went the enemy,  
And standing 'round there claimed a victory !  
Sending home dispatches, that the defeat  
Of the Americans was here complete !!

Brown in his dispatches very freely  
Animadverted on General Ripley  
Because early the next day he did not,  
When he himself was wounded, as too Scott,  
His men refreshed, the hill reascend  
And at all hazards the trophies defend.

But whether with but fifteen hundred men  
Brown would have gone up that hill again,  
Was a question which General Ripley  
Thought should be considered equally  
With his own fault, or failure in duty,  
If of any such he had been guilty :  
He had never heard Brown called a Buonaparte,  
Or th'other man, who were on his face a big  
wart.



Such the hard-fought battle of Lundy's  
Lane,  
Or of Bridgewater, some say, where were slain,  
Wounded and lost, over seventeen hundred ;  
The number almost equally divided  
Between the two armies ; so near a draw  
This encounter on the Niagara.

Ripley to Fort Erie next his men moved ;  
This movement General Brown approved,  
But by General Gaines superseded,  
Who supposed himself there more needed.  
Hither, too, with a force of five thousand,  
To contend again came General Drummond,  
Who cannonaded the walls for a week,  
And till he thought the works at one point weak,  
And hearing that inside there was confusion  
He made an assault, gaining a bastion.  
But this all he gained, it not expedient  
To go farther — the foremost of his men sent  
High into the air by an explosion ;  
Which disaster gave a lively motion  
To those behind, in a contrary course,  
And to a union again with the force  
Which remained outside : whose condition  
Daily growing worse from indisposition ;

And daily the orders there to inter  
Soldiers swept off by the swamp fever.

Hearing that in the fort's proximity  
Drummond had finished a battery  
In the wilderness, with great secrecy  
A road was quick opened for a sortie  
Under the direction of General Porter,  
Aided by Ripley, Davis and Miller,  
Executed by them so successfully  
That in four hours they had the battery.  
Having lost nine hundred men Drummond  
Then the siege of Fort Erie abandoned.  
Shortly afterwards General Izard,  
The Generalissimo to the northward,  
Arriving, of this famed fort took a view,  
And after some consultation, he blew  
Into a thousand fragments Fort Erie,  
Which his soldiers saw with the highest glee ;  
And all voting now that Canada,  
The whole strip, was not worth having anyway,  
They got over the line expeditiously,  
And into a far different country.

Having on board Lord Ross' entire army,  
Admiral Cochrane was sailing directly —

It was clear now to all who the fleet saw,  
And kept track of its course from Bermuda,  
Or understood movements nautical —  
To the unvalled, unwarlike capitol.

Methods of defense quick to consider,  
The President sent for each Counsellor  
Of State to come at once; and soon he met  
In secret council the whole Cabinet.  
It seemed to these, and to the President,  
That at some point, say on the Patuxent,  
Three thousand men should be got into camp,  
While ten thousand militia straight should tramp  
From the States to the Government center,  
To be disciplined by General Winder.

The plan having secured approbation  
The War Office issued a requisition  
For fifteen thousand men on States adjacent,  
Two-thirds, at least, it was thought would be sent,  
Who with the minute men in the District,  
Would make a force equal to the conflict.  
In Pennsylvania too a horse squadron,  
It was reported, could be relied upon.  
Regulars also from North Carolina  
Were to come, and from Barney's flotilla  
His marines, in case — which was much feared

Barney's boats should burn when the British appeared.

General Winder directly appealed  
To the States to bring quotas to the field.  
The Maryland Governor was in doubt  
Whether a draft the way to bring men out,  
But after some delay three hundred sent,  
In the place of three thousand, his complement.  
The Governor of Pennsylvania  
Confessed himself hampered by the decay  
Of their militia laws, which would prevent  
A draft in that State, without amendment,  
To order one would subject him to criticism,  
Though he would appeal to the patriotism  
Of his people ; and in time sent a letter,  
Which after several weeks reached Winder,  
Placing at his call the State's proportion  
To be furnished at the people's option.  
At near Baltimore a brigade fully,  
In command of General Stansbury,  
Was supposed to be at Winder's disposal,  
But there was protest against its removal,  
When it looked as dark, if not still darker  
For that city, while Sir Peter Parker  
Was sailing about — no one could tell where,

But more than likely, unless a mere scare,  
His aim toward opulent Baltimore,  
Whose ready defense and safety of more  
Importance to her than that of the city,  
Whose inhabitants to hers one to fifty.

Five thousand men under General Ross,  
Disembarked at Benedict, marched across  
The peaceful country to within twenty  
Miles of the gates of the capitol city.  
The main fleet with Admiral Cockburn  
Going on up the bay, Barney did burn  
His flotilla, then hastened toward  
General Winder's camp at the Woodyard.

As if he to bombard Fort Warburton  
Up the Potomac went Captain Gordon  
With his eight sail, and a hundred twenty  
Heavy guns displayed for discharge ready.

With heavy guns and good stock of powder  
Came Captain Meyers, and Captain McGruder  
From the near counties in Old Virginia;  
And from these two quite a show of militia,  
And some now from Baltimore and Annapolis —  
Such as could be raised for a time like this.

The whole Woodyard was now in high spirits  
Because of the coming of Colonel Sterritt's

Crack regiment. At Bladensburg too, all  
Were greatly elated as Major Beall,  
With five hundred stout men they saw come in  
Right where the great battle was to begin,  
As they believed ; and as Winder saw too  
When he could get time to take a clear view  
Of things at all ; and thither, the Woodyard,  
He directed, that is, all who had dared —  
Leaving their Lares, Manes, Penates,  
Valueless at such an hour all these —  
To come to his standard, 'round which to die  
To save to an expectant posterity  
The rising city — the selected seat  
Where wise men in council, abstracted, meet,  
And bearing the name of one who had been  
The first in the hearts of his countrymen.

Between five and six thousand on the ground  
At different points now encamped around,  
And Stansbury's brigade having come to hand,  
Winder felt justified in making a stand.

Having seen active service years ago,  
It seemed proper that Colonel Monroe,  
Secretary of State, should visit Winder  
On the eve of battle — in no manner  
To examine his plans critically,

For the Colonel now of course quite rusty,  
But to offer perhaps some suggestions  
Such as from their apposite relations  
Might be expected, and him to assist  
Some, as Monroe himself an optimist.

With a rifle battalion late in the day  
Came the late Attorney-General Pinckney ;  
Four thousand enrolled in his command,  
The best marksmen they in all Maryland.

At midnight the Secretary of State  
Hasten'd to Pinckney to communicate  
The news of the advance of the enemy,  
At the same time advising the Attorney  
To move rapidly and fall in his rear ;  
But Pinckney said it did not appear  
From his orders that to any other post  
He was to go than this : moreover the most  
Of his men were sadly in need of repose —  
Many of them now just in their first doze.

In his great anxiety the President,  
Accompanied by the War Department,  
In the morning joined Colonel Monroe ;  
But learning the proximity of the foe,  
And each recalling some put off duty,  
They all took the road back to the city,

Their horses going at so lively a pace  
That the wayside dwellers — supposing a race  
Had been made up between Mister Madison  
And his Cabinet — to see who had won  
Mounted and followed. Hearing the shouting  
The President and suit, not then knowing,  
But these were Lord Ross and staff, spurred again,  
While their fleet-footed nags, never till then  
Knowing their own speed fully, made such strides  
That many tho't they would jump clear their hides.  
While some of those who followed freely bet  
On Madison, more on the Cabinet;  
But all lost who had not staked on Armstrong,  
He coming out ahead the fourth of a furlong.

Scarce all these safe at the Government seat,  
When Bladensburg heard the British drum-beat;  
And soon saw a crimson column coming —  
With standards full high, and horses prancing.  
Their course now straight up to the battery  
At which point stationed Captain Doherty,  
With his company, supposed for its support —  
But this company not one of that sort.  
They discharged their guns as soon as ordered,  
Then as if another command they'd heard —  
To look out for themselves, and speedily



Get a long distance from a battery,  
At which coming such roast-beef-eating hordes —  
They went all directions — dodging the swords,  
And the combined efforts of their Captain  
And Major Pinckney could not form them again :  
Their flight making it now necessary  
To retire the unsupported battery.

In another instant there was a stampede,  
Caused by rockets, in Stansbury's brigade.  
In vain likewise the rallying efforts  
Of officers while descending these rockets;  
No attention at all to Stansbury,  
Or Winder either, in their sudden hurry.

Pinckney's riflemen, and the regiment  
Which Maryland with Sterritt had sent,  
And Burke's artillery ordered to retire,  
Being outflanked, so ardent the desire  
To execute this command speedily  
That this retreat one most disorderly,  
Hearing and obeying the order so quick  
That it looked much more like a panic —  
To those stern officers Burke and Sterritt,  
From the stern view which they each got of it.

Commodore Barney with an eighteen  
pounder

Kept the British busy a while longer ;  
But the wagons with the ammunition  
Having been driven off in the confusion,  
And the gun-carriage horses all shot dead —  
The Annapolis militia having too fled —  
The Commodore himself by a sharpshooter  
Badly wounded, and made a prisoner,  
His corps was obliged finally to yield,  
Leaving their hissing hot piece on the field.

Winder hoped yet by a most desperate  
Hand-to-hand conflict at the city gate,  
Or the threshold, to prevent the fall  
Into the hands of the Huns of the capitol.  
And supposing the brigade of Stansbury  
Was on the Washington road, to rally  
These and some others, he galloped forward ;  
And soon saw the whole army going toward  
Montgomery Court House, like the wind, or  
Flight of belated birds, it seemed to Winder,  
Who, fixed as an equestrian statue,  
Watched the last company fade from view.

Next directing his course to the city  
He was met by the War Secretary,  
And him of State, who came out in despair —  
Already in the White House a vacant chair.

And after holding a brief conference  
Concerning a still possible defense,  
They concluded all such hope to be vain,  
And quite impracticable to maintain  
Now any thing like an opposition  
To the flushed foe, in the condition  
Of their own forces ; and now the archives  
Their anxious concern, and their own lives ;  
And moving in a manner of course hasty,  
All these very soon in a place of safety.

## BOOK VI.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Burning of the public buildings and long bridge at the capital — Mutilation of the monument — Captain Dyson blows up Ft. Warburton — Alexandria plundered — Defense of Baltimore — Sir George Prevost marches to Lake Champlain — Battle of Plattsburg — Colonel Nichols' proclamation in the Southwest — General Jackson starts for Pensacola — Quick capitulation — Jackson goes to New Orleans — Puts the city in a state of defense — Battle of New Orleans — Commissioners at Ghent — The treaty signed — Singular vision of John Bull — Conclusion.

And now, O honor'd Muse, faithful Clio,  
Proceed, and tell of deeds which told to Dido  
Would move her heart afresh, and her pity  
Stir anew for a sad, stricken city.  
Yes, honest Muse, to whom the obligation  
Is here acknowledged for the narration  
Of events, in common style called history,  
But with thy aid raised to the dignity  
Of epic consequence, and that loftiness  
Attained by pleasing numbers and proper stress,  
Pause not, but tell now of Bull's infamy,

Tho' lugubrious, and how that his army  
Of seven hundred men, led by Lord Ross  
Entered the doomed city, he not at loss  
How one building, or a whole block to burn ;  
For by his side rode Admiral Cockburn.

The unfinished capitol they finished  
By conflagration ; broken and tarnished  
They left its walls, a dismal memento  
Of war at its worst, barbarous war too.  
The Executive Mansion of white free-stone,  
In like style of beauty and taste begun,  
A blackened witness of like barbarity  
They left, the Treasury, too, and Library ;  
These in ruins, with the torch not satisfied  
Until the long Potomac bridge testified  
By its blaze to their determination  
To spare nothing prized by the new Nation.  
But the monument there to mutilate —  
The naval one, raised to perpetuate  
The memory of those who fell at Tripoli,  
The pen in the hand of the figure of history  
Breaking in pieces (which was most fitting  
If their acts thereby could escape recording) —  
Was an exploit worthy the Infidel  
On whose piratical coast the heroes fell.

The panic having reached Fort Warburton,  
Now, at the approach of the eight-sail squadron,  
This was blown up by Captain Dyson,  
Which opened the way for Captain Gordon,  
To the ancient town of Alexandria,  
And to the booty which near her docks lay ;  
And who, once there, under contribution  
Laid her stores of every description ;  
Sunken vessels there had to be raised on  
The loud demand of the greedy Gordon ;  
All goods which for ten days before the sack  
Had been hauled away, had to be hauled back,  
And put on ship board by the inhabitants,  
At their own expense, or by their servants.

Admiral Cochrane had been waiting  
With his fifty vessels for a resailing ;  
And now the army of Ross re-embarked,  
They sailed for Baltimore, the city next marked  
For sack and cinders ; the attack to be joint ;  
Lord Ross to land, and march from North Point ;  
While the Admiral with the fleet was to go  
On up the Chesapeake to the Potapsco.

As soon as Lord Ross got his men on shore,  
He started on the road to Baltimore ;  
At Bear Creek he met General Stricker,

And here, too, he saw General Winder.  
Skirmishes took place; first at Long Log Lane,  
And near here Ross' men advantage did gain,  
But at the cost of the life of their General,  
For here a wound which to Lord Ross fatal.  
Stricker seeing a smart diminution  
Of his quotas, to a safer position  
Fell back — and kept backing, till the trenches  
He had reached and the solid defenses,  
Which had been prepared around Baltimore,  
Behind which collected hastily more  
Then ten thousand men, some from Virginia,  
Some from the borders of Pennsylvania,  
And from Maryland far more than a fifth  
Of her grown sons: all under General Smith,  
With numberless State Colonels and Majors.  
Here too, the veteran Commodore Rogers,  
His stout marines a battery planting  
On the eminence near, for the raking  
Of the British, if their presumption  
Should impel them any farther to push on.

To Admiral Cochrane, and Colonel Brook,  
Who had succeeded Ross, it did not look,  
When they had reconnoitered for a day,  
As if in Baltimore their army could stay

As long as in Washington, admitting  
They could get in at all, they not liking  
The view before them, and especially  
Did they squint at that high artillery ;  
And there too was still Major Armistead,  
Who a night and a day had been bombarded,  
Holding his guns all at Fort McHenry,  
Which guarded the sea gate to the city —  
And soon the discomfited Brook and Cochrane  
Got their men on board, and sailed again.

While the bold Cochrane wasted the sea coast,  
At the orders, he said, of Sir George Prevost,  
Sir George himself marched to Lake Champlain,  
Issuing proclamations to explain  
That his guns and small arms were only meant  
For a kind of makeshift form of Government,  
And if any soldier of His Majesty  
Should on the route anywhere be guilty  
Of trespass in the least on the premises  
Of those not aiding in hostilities,  
Or insult any one of a family —  
Not hurraing for Scott or Ripley —  
His nose and knees would come into proximity,  
Or on a wooden horse be taught civility.

Having got Buonaparte as far as Elba



On his tortuous route to St. Helena,  
John Bull had more men on the Continent  
Than he could use there, he was confident,  
Even if the Emperor should break away  
From his compulsory, miniature sway,  
And give himself, the Teuton, and Cossack,  
A chase and a tussle to get him back ;  
Therefore, for America he could spare  
Enough to bring Prevost's forces up square  
To a figure like fourteen thousand —  
To be used in the transatlantic land.

At Plattsburg Captain Downie with his fleet  
Was waiting Sir George and his force to meet,  
In the scheme to seize the line of the Hudson,  
And then with the Sound make a connection,  
Cutting off the five States of New England,  
Supposed ready now to cut the band  
Which held them in a Union as odious  
As the famed unions of Mezentius.

Finding that Izard had gone with the most  
Of his troops to Erie, Sir George Prevost  
Advanced to Plattsburg, where General McCombe  
Had been left with the recruits, and to whom,  
With scarcely an organized battalion,  
Was now the defense of this whole region.

Sir George marched his troops in two columns,  
Meeting in the woods with some obstructions :  
A broken bridge, or a fallen sapling,  
Laid across the road, which Colonel Appling  
Had caused to be cut, or Major Wool —  
Over which difficult ordnance to pull ;  
And especially did Sir George's men growl  
When a full-sized trunk, cut by Captain Sprowl,  
They struck in their way ; but at length the town  
They saw before them, and saw coming down  
The Vermont volunteers, fearing no longer  
They would be called back by their Governor,  
But meeting them boldly at the Saranac,  
And at the river's bank keeping them back —  
Making breastworks of torn up bridges,  
And at the fords planting their field-pieces.

Abreast the line of works on the bay's bank  
And two miles from McComb, on his right flank,  
Lay the American fleet in the morning  
The approach of the British fleet waiting :  
The Eagle, Preble, and Saratoga,  
Fifty-three guns these, the Ticonderoga  
Having seventeen, and anchored in line,  
Ten two-gun galleys, of two-weeks' cut pine.

At eight o'clock to Commodore Macdonough

Returned the lookout boat to let him know  
That the British fleet 'round Cumberland Head,  
With white maintop sails dazzlingly spread,  
On the Captain's breast the medals he had won,  
Fighting gloriously under Lord Nelson,  
Glittering in display, could be seen coming  
This brilliant September Sunday morning:  
Captain Downie, with his Confidence,  
Of thirty-nine guns, in the advance;  
Following this frigate the brig Linnet,  
With her sixteen guns; close as they could get  
And eager as any for the pinch and rub  
The two 'leven-gun sloops — the Finch and Chub,  
And a whole flock of smaller gun galleys,  
In the wake of these big boats of Downie's.

Then rose the spirit of America,  
And great bustle on the Saratoga —  
The flag-ship; and at every mast-head  
The ensigns set; then on the quarter-deck read  
By the Commodore — while every head bare —  
For an occasion like this one, the prayer  
Appointed once by the Church Anglican  
For all of her faith — British or American.

And now advanced the British squadron —  
In the only way possible — bows on

So admirably had Macdonough  
Moored his vessels and galleys in a row.

The battle imminent: then the Linnet,  
Approaching closest, dared to begin it  
With a loud broadside, one shot of which struck  
Squarely on the Ticonderoga's deck —  
Knocking the chicken coop into kindling wood,  
Letting out the game cock, which ruffled stood  
On a gun slide, next, crowing defiance  
At the loud Linnet; and the Confiance,  
Which now advanced within the distance  
Of three hundred yards, and just abreast,  
Of the Saratoga; when in earnest  
The battle began, the mingling fire  
From the raking vessels now one entire  
Sheet of flames presenting to those on shore,  
The Saratoga getting a little more  
Then she gave, and having to stand besides  
The constantly at hand Linnet's broadsides;  
The slaughter among her men terrible,  
And now not a single gun available  
On her engaged side. But when she had winded,  
And by her the Confiance then broadsided,  
Again and again, she a surrender  
Was obliged to make, and soon each a tender;

In two hours not a mast to make sail on  
Left standing in the enemy's squadron —  
Ten British galleys there shattered lay;  
Three at the bottom of Burlington Bay;  
And along the line the proud colors struck  
On each British frigate, brig, and sloop;  
While triumphantly, from the rigging —  
Whither he had flown, the game cock crowing.  
Of the thousand on vessel and galley  
Eighty-four were slain, with Captain Downie,  
While they did battle, and of wounded men  
The number cared for one hundred and ten.  
Out of eight hundred, the full estimate,  
Macdonough had wounded fifty-eight,  
And fifty-two killed, while a victory  
He won, most important to his country.

The British shore batteries threw bomb shells,  
Congreve rockets, for a change, then shrapnells,  
From the time the squadrons on the bay met  
Until all were silenced at the sunset;  
And three times to take the defensive works  
The British rallied in repulsed assaults.  
At dark came the orders to raise the siege,  
And his artillery sent forward, Sir George  
In the atmosphere lurid and hazy

Measured eight miles, or as far as Chazey  
Before by McComb it was discovered  
That he was gone. Then by light troops followed,

His departure at this time made so quick  
That he left behind his wounded and sick,  
But left a letter, in care of the surgeon,  
Requesting for these humane attention,  
And needful treatment by General McComb —  
As for Sir George himself, he was going home.  
He left too provisions, tents, and marquees,  
Ammunition, guns, and great quantities  
Of cannon balls, grape shot, flints and tools;  
A part beneath the ground, or sunk in pools —  
To be dug up, or fished out from year to year  
By the curious inhabitants dwelling near,  
In their idle hours; exhibited as those lost  
On that disastrous day by Sir George Prevost.

To shake off the yoke of America,  
Colonel Nichols now from Florida,  
Invited Kentucky and Tennessee,  
And with John Bull t' enjoy true liberty;  
Louisiana, too, this boon to enjoy,  
If she not too fastidious and coy

To accept of these well-meant overtures —  
For her mongrel misfortunes the good cures :  
To this effect issuing proclamation,  
At the same time issuing ammunition  
To a class of people whose propinquity  
Greatly enhanced his temerity ;  
For near him the hair-raising Seminoles  
And run-away negroes on stolen mules,  
Who sallied forth on frequent forays and raids  
From the bosky swamps and everglades.

Hearing of all this Andrew Jackson did go,  
As was his custom when he heard of a foe,  
With Tennessee's quick ascertained quota,  
In the direction of Pensacola.  
Without going deep into history  
For a precedent, into this country  
Went the aroused Jackson, tho' it was Spain's,  
As subsequently did General Gaines,  
And himself again four years later on,  
Which ingress caused such a fuss with the Don  
Onis, the time when such speedy action,  
And jurisdiction, taken by Jackson —  
When he held that the British Ambrister  
Amplly deserved a tight neck-twister,  
As did the other trader — Arbuthnot,

Both of whom this immediately got,  
Without the benefit there of clergy,  
Or appeal at all to the mother country.  
With two cannons Jackson the town entered,  
And straight at the fort both these directed,  
Soon silencing a battery in the center ;  
When out with a flag came the Governor,  
And requested that General Jackson  
Should state the terms of capitulation,  
Apologizing for his lack of courtesy —  
Not knowing he was Jackson certainly.

Ten thousand men, to re-enact the scenes  
Of Washington City at New Orleans,  
Were now on the way, thither transported  
By Admiral Cochrane, who had added  
Thirteen of the line to his forty sail  
At Bermuda. Such news could not fail  
To start General Jackson, then at Mobile,  
To this point likewise, where the public weal  
Seemed to him to demand one whose firmness  
Could certainly insure that quietness  
So essential at such times in a city  
Of mixed population; one, too, gritty;  
One who when scarcely to him waist-high  
Had dared a British officer to defy,



And whose prompt activity in a crisis  
Just what needed for a defense like this.

On his arrival there each patriot  
Recognized a leader; those who did not  
Were surprised to find how like a Tzar  
A Tennessee citizen in time of war;  
And those who relied on Habeas Corpus  
Found this not the writ for their purpose,  
And instead of hearing the voice of Judge Hall,  
They heard thunder'd out: "By the Eternal!"

To aid Jackson and in the defense share,  
From Kentucky came General Adair  
With her complement, twenty-five hundred,  
Every regiment and company led  
By Colonels and Captains who had seen service  
In the Northwest — not one a novice.

Colonel Nichols had tried hard to get  
As his own ally the outlaw, La Fitte,  
With his six hundred Barratarians,  
But to him the side of the Americans  
Seemed to have charm, tho' before he did shun  
These, too, because for his apprehension  
Five hundred dollars had been offered;  
But now in addition he also proffered  
Important information, which he had got

From Colonel Nichols, while the latter tho't  
He was listening to his propositions —  
When nothing was further from his intentions.  
This Governor Claiborne greatly elated,  
And, when with La Fitte nicely closeted,  
He held close to himself the bold buccaneer,  
And with eye beaming whispered in his ear,  
That that five hundred for his apprehension  
Was only intended as a bit of fun !  
And that all classes must now unite  
And for the glorious gulf make a common fight.  
Four thousand Tennesseans by the water route  
Now joined those who before had come on foot,  
So six thousand men then could be counted  
When these to the others in camp added.

While very busy Jackson and Claiborne,  
The British landed at the head of Lake Borgne,  
Capturing a port on the Mississippi,  
Nine miles below the coveted city,  
Which would have been theirs could they have  
    kept on ;  
But near this point they encountered Jackson,  
With fifteen hundred of his Tennesseans —  
Which settled the question about Orleans  
For that time, and convinced the enemy

That the next time it would be economy  
To bring his whole force in a compact body,  
If expecting to take the Crescent City.

Jackson next a fortification began,  
Nearer the threatened city, and which ran  
Well in front, and here for several days  
Could be seen with their carts, barrows and drays,  
As they worked to lively tunes in long rows,  
The cheerful, and oft-cheered city negroes:  
And not one on the line duty did shirk  
Till from bayou to river a big breastwork  
They had thrown up, a thousand yards long  
At all points of suitable width, and strong.  
When he had completed this intrenchment  
The commander sent a strong detachment  
To the other side of the river — the object  
That approach to the city as well to protect.

On to such works Sir Edward Pakenham  
Now directed Generals Gibbs, and Kean,  
Each over the plain, which before them lay,  
To push his division in such a way  
That all should move in a solid column,  
And then with their scaling ladders to come  
As solidly right up to the rampart;  
The reserve in charge of General Lambert.

Terribly thinned the columns of each  
When Gibbs and Kean within volley reach :  
Each red coat presenting a distinct mark  
To those aiming from behind the bulwark,  
Those in the rear loading for those in front ;  
Thus twice as often the flash of the flint.  
So continuous at length the stream fatal  
That unheeded the voice of a General,  
The foremost ranks now swept so horribly  
That those out of the death-swath turn'd to fly ;  
Then lifeless fell Sir Edward Pakenham,  
Vainly endeavoring to check each man  
Near him, pressing in a course opposite  
From that in which he directed the fight.  
Upon this, from the rear, Gibbs and Kean  
Pushed forward their columns once again,  
Under the ceaseless discharge of musketry  
And the rolling fire of the artillery.  
But such metal storm no troops could withstand  
Nor for the third time was any command  
Of rallying officer regarded,  
Or would any to such strongholds be led.  
Gibbs and Kean wounded, General Lambert  
Endeavored authority to exert ;  
But finding it useless, sought his marquee,

Reflecting in silence there on what he,  
Pakenham, and the others at the rising  
Of the sun expected, and now at his setting  
The destruction around him ; on the plain  
Two thousand of their soldiers lying slain,  
Or wounded, and his own encampment  
Filled with the moans of those thither sent.

Had Generals Jackson and Pakenham  
Then known what had been done in Belgium —  
At the city of Ghent, two weeks before,  
Pakenham might have lived many years more ;  
And Jackson lived, in profane history,  
And in Tennessee tradition, simply  
As in Indian war a rare strategist,  
And a neutral territory terrorist.  
For, at this City of Ghent, Lord Gambier  
Had been trying for a third of a year,  
With his colleagues, Goldbourne, and Adams —  
Henry,  
To negotiate with the other Adams — Quincy,  
Clay, and Russell — him christened Jonathan,  
Bayard, and Gallatin — each stiff American,  
A treaty of peace. Here having debated,  
And rediscussed, all that related

To each other's old Indian allies,  
And the rights of each in the fisheries,  
The navigation of the Mississippi,  
And the Maine and Canada boundary,  
The naval force to be kept on the Lakes,  
And the maintenance of the frontier forts,  
Had at this time, concluded a Convention,—  
Tho' uncertain still what the intention  
Of Great Britain concerning impressment ;  
As to other matters discussed, too, silent,  
Or referred to Boards, which in the future  
Were to settle all these at their leisure.  
Perhaps, no need to have there ratified,  
Anything in form, John Bull now satisfied,  
After his close grappling experience,  
That the Republic was of consequence ;  
And that the plumed Eagle could scream as loud  
As the Lion could roar ; and just as proud  
His position on earth ; and he as able  
To prove his rights by wager of battle.  
The Republic felt, too, he could be trusted,  
Without much of a treaty, he interested  
In saving himself from ever again  
Making such a mistake as to maintain  
The right of freely overhauling a crew,

When he might in the grab get his hands on a few  
Who would make the next three years of his life  
The hottest known since the colonial strife.

But scarce at Ghent had they signed the  
convention

When to John Bull a singular vision —  
In which carried forward, or allowed a forecast  
Four-score years ahead; when to him so fast  
Had grown the Republic that he amazed,  
And quite unstrung, as he steadfastly gazed  
At the change in the Western Hemisphere,  
Where the Republic he saw interfere,  
And control the whole : swift to dictate —  
How this Power should straight arbitrate,  
And how that one should grant autonomy,  
Stop bloodshed, and bring all to harmony.  
As he gazed thereat he seemed to know  
All this brought about by James Monroe,  
And his revived doctrine — perfect the mode,  
Tho' not promulged yet in a distinct code ;  
And he tho't all recognized the rule laid down  
By the wise fifth President, whose renown  
Reserved for a later day enjoyment,  
While peace in the West follow'd the employment  
Of his pragmatic, practical method,

Tho' it all seemed to Bull, transfixed, so odd;  
But the oddest thing of all that he saw  
As a consequence of the long dormant law  
Was the result caused by Lord Radcliff  
To Lord Salisbury — struck in the midriff  
By a rebound from the holy contrivance —  
Contrived wholly for the Holy Alliance.  
Looking at all this he felt somewhat humbled,  
And to himself something or other mumbled;  
Then suddenly he cried out: “I'll arbitrate!  
Do anything else!” to postpone the fate  
Which he now saw pictur'd in the next century,  
Woful indeed to a once proud country,  
And one glance at which turned him pale:  
But, over which generous Muse draw the veil.

And now both disbanded their great armies;  
Calling into port too their sail-rent navies;  
Next both quietly turned their attention  
To their industries and their recuperation;  
And Buonaparte soon to be lodged at Longwood,  
The prospect for peace throughout the world  
was good.



# AN EPIHOME

OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE

## STATE RIGHTS AND CONSOLIDATION SCHOOLS,

IN THE

## AMERICAN REPUBLIC,

DRAWN FROM THE TENETS OF EACH, WITH ANALYTICAL  
PRECISENESS, AND A CRITICAL REGARD FOR EX-  
ACTNESS IN THE STATEMENT, OF THE  
DISTINCTIONS BETWEEN THE

FEDERAL AND STATE AUTHORITY,

AS TAUGHT BY ONE, AND OF THE DISTINCT RULES OF  
CONSTRUCTION OF THE CONSTITUTION, INSISTED  
UPON BY BOTH; NEVER BEFORE ATTEMPTED  
BY ANY PUBLICIST; AND NOW FIRST  
PRESENTED TO THE PUBLIC

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE EAGLEID.



## AN EPITOME.

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Acrimonious the logomachy —  
Fearful as that on points of orthodoxy,  
Which followed from the start the adoption  
Of the United States Constitution ;  
And chiefly as to where State powers ended  
And those began — from these segregated ;  
And what the degree of permanency  
The framers designed for the Confederacy —  
Confederated Republic — or Nation —  
Or what upon taking its new station  
Among the Powers of earth it might be  
Considered, with its grand branches three.  
Indeed, what it was in the aggregate —  
What had become of this or that State  
In the transformation puzzled many  
Who coolly made the matter a study.

In the creed of one school in politics —  
Deep in the study of State metaphysics,  
Certain powers had been delegated,

Not general, but enumerated ;  
Not grants, with particular powers excepted,  
But grants of particular powers, selected  
From the mass in the several States inherent —  
Not now less by Federal increment ;  
Or if diminished, but imperceptibly,  
To the purpose that perfect unity  
To foreign nations might be the aspect  
While among themselves they were in fact  
Still full sovereign, and independent —  
The selected powers simply in form lent,  
To be recalled in cases probable,  
To wit, the dangerous and palpable  
Exercise of powers beyond the compact.  
Here too it was the duty of the State to act,  
If opposed, and act with a promptitude  
Which would leave no doubt that Statehood  
Was paramount ; thus by interposing  
Her own power, the evil arresting.  
And if such exercise deliberate,  
That is, intent clear to menace a State,  
Then there might be against the Government  
Single, or consentaneous movement  
On the part of States, in their discretion,  
To forestall the Federal aggression :

At which point of course practical loyalty  
Would reach the minimum as to authority  
Of a general or central character —  
And the compact be dissolved instanter.

Those of this creed, too, in the contention  
With rare acumen, drew the distinction  
Between powers proper and necessary  
In the nature of governments generally,  
And those necessary to give sure effect  
To powers which in language direct  
Had been granted to this government —  
Unique — tentative — and without precedent;  
And not like other governments permitted  
To search general laws for a case which fitted  
Her case now, or to look into Grotius,  
Or Puffendorf, for something analogous,  
In any kind of an exigency —  
For hers but a limited agency,  
And not in any degree or manner holpen  
By such a research, or by pure reason.  
And being thus a *sui generis*,  
Every instruction would go amiss  
Which did not begin and end precisely  
With what the State had granted definitely;  
And however strong might be the wish

Something noble or grand to accomplish  
At home or abroad, or the unanimity  
To aid in the cause of humanity,  
If the power could not be discerned —  
Clear enough even to the unlearned —  
The people could only sit down and lament,  
Or supply the defect by an amendment  
To the Constitution; and without this,  
However great anywhere the distress,  
Not even the Executive could stir  
And *a fortiori*, of course, neither  
Of the other branches — co-ordinate :  
All bound in the end to a common fate.  
But if the power there unmistakably,  
Always to be watched with keen jealousy,  
But which could not in practice be executed,  
Then to this clear power — enumerated,  
There might be an inferred, or secondary,  
Incidental, invoked, or auxiliary,  
Anciliary like, power supplied ;  
But this incidental, inferred or implied,  
Only upon due consideration  
To be used, must bear such relation  
To the primary, specific, or express  
That the latter would be wholly useless

Without the former, and at a standstill  
All of the functions — with consequent peril.  
Such lurking powers must be admitted,  
Those of this creed said, if not those keen  
witted

Gentlemen who sat at Philadelphia  
Had nodded now and then in a kind of a way,  
And had pledged grants in themselves impotent,  
Which, tho' at the sleepest place on the Conti-  
nent

At the time, was not to be presumed at all  
Or charged on evidence dubious or small.

In the tenets of other doctrinaires,  
Who denounced, what they called, splitting of  
hairs,

There was such a complete interfusion  
Of State entities that a solid Union  
Had been formed; the parts inseparable —  
Hardly again even discernible;  
Miraculous as the birth of Minerva  
This evolution of a supreme law  
From separate States, and from their inter-  
mingling  
Almost as instaneously springing,

To the wonder of the old world, a Goddess  
Of new wisdom, with buckler, or Aegis  
Thirteen times enlarged, and a Medusa head  
Which would turn to stone, or strike stone dead  
Those who looked thereat with a State Rights'  
squint

Or of State supremacy uttered a hint.  
With golden helmet too, and javelin,  
Bearing in hand,—ready to be thrust in  
To any Oilean Ajax, who in her temple  
Should cause a Cassandra to blush or tremble.  
That is, any deceiver, who a State  
Should dare insult, or to her intimate  
That a secondary allegiance  
There might be, or a disobedience  
To the vows voluntarily taken  
When coming, with forethought, to the Union.

In the view also of these Scholiasts,  
Or Commentators, proper forecasts  
Had been taken by the framers sapient,  
And with the amplest means a Government  
They had equipped for any contingency.  
In any other view how could liberty  
Be preserved at all? or be extended  
To mankind, and their rights defended?



And what any other Nation could do,  
They argued, this Nation could do too !  
For, they said, had the freest one of all  
Been circumscribed, and made to sing small  
When the loudest notes on earth were demanded,  
And the foes of freedom to be met open-handed?  
If reason in all things why not allowed,  
And analogy too, when the vast crowd  
Of Liberty's sons were hotly engaged —  
At anti-philanthropists justly enraged —  
In saving themselves from anarchy,  
And in saving to others their autonomy.  
Where no essential power expressed  
In the Constitution one must be guessed,  
And from some power there an inference  
Concluded to another ; for instance —  
No power there found for a parent bank,  
Or one of any description — to be frank ;  
But there was the power to borrow money —  
As distinct as the Cap of Liberty  
On the coins themselves, its exercise  
To be in a manner discreet and wise.  
But how could money be borrowed where there  
was none?  
Did the framers expect such a thing to be done?

And how money enough had, but by a call  
For the moneyed men, with their capital  
To come forward to a point selected —  
The whole there to be accumulated ;  
And how could there be such accumulation  
Without a good bank authorization,  
Or charter, in which outlined its character,  
And that of each large-waisted director ?  
They cited, too, another example —  
Where the lack of power still more ample,  
Apparently, but where the condition  
Not as parlous, as the Strict Construction  
Pessimist supposed, or any occasion  
To groan over a seeming omission :  
No power to make a legal tender  
Of any kind of modern paper  
Found there, however fine the texture,  
Or of what plates the nice manufacture.  
But, there the power taxes to levy,  
And to pile them up till very heavy ;  
And how could the people these taxes pay  
When the coin, by the sordid, carted away ?  
How, unless the Government came to their aid,  
And put out the paper, by which these paid ?

The framers, too, in the Revolution,  
Had done this freely, in such condition,  
Which fact indeed they must have forgotten  
Unless they designed, as seems clearly proven,  
Under the specific grant of taxation  
To afford needful relief to the Nation.

Here also the general welfare clause,  
Of the Preamble, the clear basis of laws  
Which in the instrument no other basis  
Could find at all, but which in a crisis  
Must rest somewhere — or else like a vagrant  
Be chased up and down — repulsive to each grant  
Which belonged there legitimately,  
And recognized by all equally;  
To all such this clause a refuge proposed  
When in seeking a resting-place, opposed  
By each stiff article, and bluff section,  
And in trying times here full protection;  
For that would indeed be a scrimp'd and bare  
System, which when the general welfare  
Required action, off-hand and speedy,  
Could not under a year or so get ready,  
Or make a move in any direction  
Until after a vote, and an election;

And could not then appropriate a shilling  
Unless three-fourths of the States were willing.  
Thus on a right ratiocination,  
Tho' seemingly cramped, really this Nation  
Has as large discretion as any on earth,  
And has had from the very day of its birth.



# WICKED WINDS;

OR,

THE ÆRIAL ASSAILANTS OF ST. LOUIS,

MAY 27, 1897.

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A mighty stream, in Boreal regions born,  
Pours on to destined end — at far Balize ;  
Its wayward current ever seeking soil  
To roll o'er ample bed, reshift and sift —  
The clay to mingle with itself, and lend hue —  
The sand to send in piles, pilots to plague.

By this Father of Waters sits a city, great  
Thro' traffic on its zone-traversing tide —  
Steam tamed to burdens unsurpassed on globe,  
In spite of sawyers, snags, and trees new plunged,  
Drifts in channel — the pious captain's dread,  
And bars impassable, but by capstan's aid ;  
Of golden cast its wavelets — seen in sun,  
Substantial gold, true-minted, the returns  
Lavished at levee — from all landings gleaned.

Such city saw one Ember day in May  
Apollo — Light of Day — or Hyperion —  
Phoebus, or by what name to mortals known,  
On gilded axle to zenith cloudless mount;  
But when to earth he slop'd his westering wheels  
Saw darkness wrapping charioteer and steeds —  
Increasing as he urged them with the lash;  
Jupiter thundered, as when this Sun-god,  
pressed,

Sat Phaeton, Clymene's rash son, in seat  
Where skill of dubious sire alone could keep  
The fiery coursers true, and plunge prevent —  
Involving skies and earth in blazing rain.

Transitions ominous in upper air  
Terrestrial terrors 'rouse and sudden dread —  
Heightened by a noon-tide summer's stillness —  
Portentous, the nether air pervading;  
Candent bolts from clouds chaotic shot  
Reveal their blackness and dense magnitude —  
Circling, and concentrating in approach,  
With vollied rain and hail in mixed outpour.  
And now the winds, as if by demons dared,  
Aerial efforts in swiftness to outdo,  
While Eolus sleeps — by fellow-demons drugged;  
Or as the adversary of mankind —

Hurled headlong flaming — made rapid flight  
Towards peopled earth, revenge to seek  
For aims anarchic in Heaven foiled,  
So they, as if at Heaven quick incensed,  
With black resentment charged, earth-ward descend.

Typhon-like shrieks proclaim their mad resolve,  
As easterly they move towards city marked,  
And in their midst the crowned phantom — Death,  
With tiger roar of voice — hope-quelling sound.  
In wild gyrations nearer they come aslant,  
Closer to earth at each earth-awing sweep;  
Now on sanctuaries riving towers,  
Now dropping lower, rend a cottage roof,  
Tear out the front or side of mansion strong,  
Or leave the whole a funereal pile  
Above remains of those whose sacred home  
Pledged safety, denied the wanderer —  
His peril on the water and on land  
In Litany remembered week by week.

In favorite grove, where “Old Bullion”  
stands,

In classic stone,— not as in life erect,  
But with bowed head, as if he would implore  
Armed Vandals of the air to spare the spot

Where friend of Washington in memory dwells,  
And himself present — denizen'd in art,  
They lay about, as tho' Cyclops' whole race  
In eyeless agony had wreaked vengeance here,  
And giant rage assuaged. They tarry not:  
Blind fury fills the air with fatal shafts,  
And fills up graves where life not yet extinct.  
With horrid crash roofs, walls and floors sink  
To cellars — now sepulchers and charnal vaults.

Upstarting a dweller o'er threshold leaps,  
Shuddering, as he turns, scarce safe, and sees  
Stones, bricks, beams and loosen'd pillars fall;  
Then hatless and houseless uncertain starts,  
And disappears in shower of shingles ript,  
Sheeting, sash, glass, slate and shutters wrench'd.

Block after block they strike, with senseless  
aim ;

The honest toiler, under girder crushed,  
Groans out his life — the idler in alley 'scapes;  
The fleeing tenant, struck by tree uptorn,  
Or salient timber, tortured lies — and dies ;  
The life-snatching wire his neighbor at first touch  
Leaves a corpse. Parents and children handed fly  
From home — no longer home, but hideous heap,  
Where buried all that graced or hallowed home.



Here, vehicles shattered lie in street shut  
off —

Strewn with fragments foreign and ravage close ;  
There, horses mangled — tangled in toils  
Of harness half stript, or fast 'twixt poles and  
trunks.

Then, with impulse lent to cannon balls,  
Of mightiest caliber the guns, they scathe  
Firm-buttressed walls, and jar foundations  
Fixed as quarry rock in primeval bed.

For scores of blocks no stay in ruthless  
course,

Or fear of river god — the river reached,  
They knock his craft as Jove that of Ulysses —  
Supernal wrath incurred by impious crew —  
And in whirling clash from shore to shore toss  
The deckless keels, or sink them fathoms deep ;  
Then with like frenzy far from moorings drive  
O'er 'stonished flood its stately carriers —  
The boatman's pride — and in colliding dash  
Convert to drifting, rolling derelicts.

And now, too, lest bridge architects should  
boast

Their art superior to th' elements —  
Ethereal nursed — errant in boundless space,

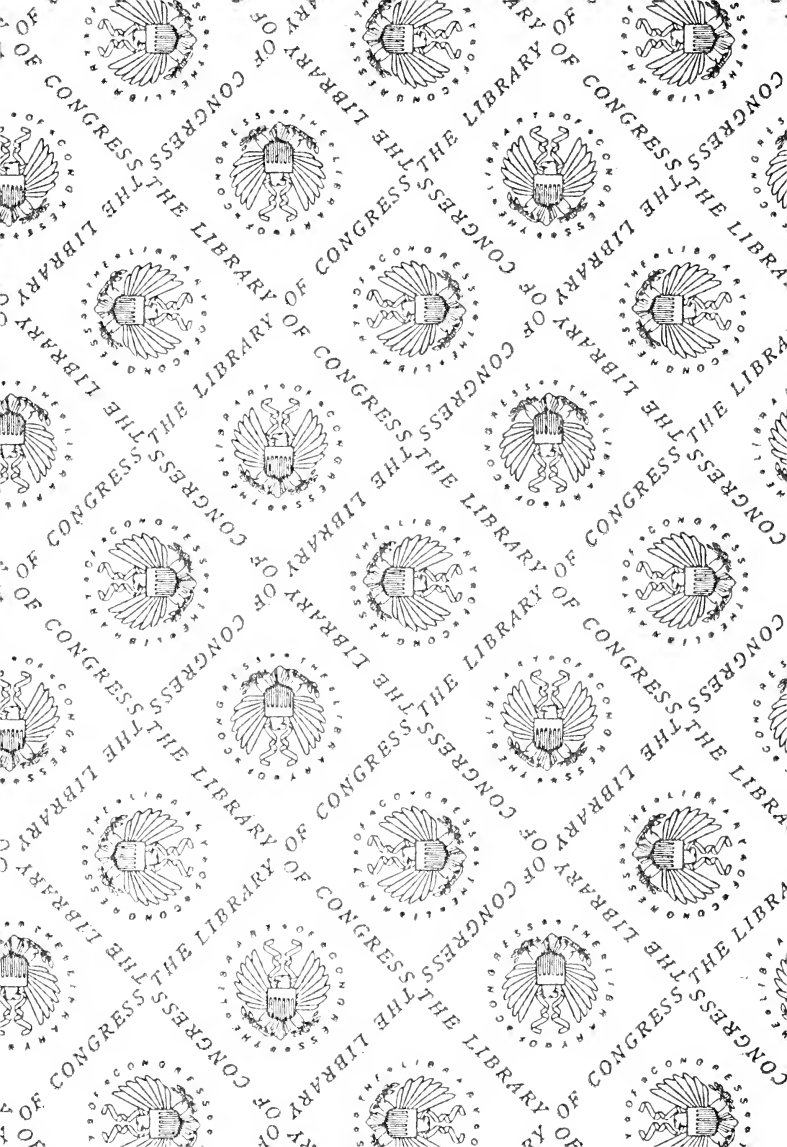
As well as to those which on earth's surface  
creep —

(And on to vast expanse, clinging thereto,  
In spite of lunar efforts thence to raise  
To exploits, and world 'larming, erratic moves,  
Worthy of old earth, and pristine renown) —  
In mocking mood from east end of Eads  
They sweep ton-weight stones, as in gentle freak,  
Passing some wood, twigs from lifeless trees.

Then for many a league on prairies play,  
Havoc their sport, and their diversion ruin,  
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies,  
Till weary of waste, and ensanguined wreck,  
And diabolic revelry prolonged,  
With Parthian blasts they seek their realms  
afar —

To man unknown, but not to rest he knows.  
Frail man's abode forever by them menaced,  
And lawless agencies akin — the offspring  
Of untamed energies in a universe  
Not understood by him, or secret ways  
Of emissaries innumerable,  
Which day and night for his destruction wait.





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